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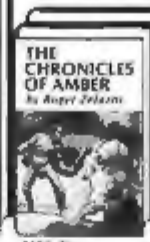

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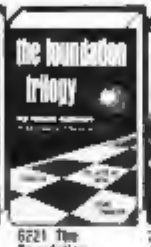

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EDITORIAL

More than a year ago, I called David Hartwell, the science-fiction chief at Simon & Schuster, and asked that he recommend a possible editor for *Heavy Metal*. He immediately suggested Ted White.

Ted has been with us for a year now, a year in which he was responsible for several innovations in the magazine: columns, interviews, the introduction of new American artists, and so on. Some of these ideas worked, others didn't, but we were always confident of Ted's ability and his dedication to *Heavy Metal*.

However, Ted is now relinquishing his duties as editor to devote his time to two novels and his new record company. His novel, *By Furies Possessed*, will be published by Pocket Books this fall.

Assisted by my two talented associates Julie Simmons and John Workman, I will be editing *Heavy Metal* for your continued gratification. In forthcoming issues we'll be featuring new works by old favorites Richard Corben, Howard Chaykin, Berni Wrightson, and the Europeans—Bilal, Crepax, and Giminez. Ted White will be doing a special tribute to Will Eisner. Major science-fiction writers like Harry Harrison and Robert Silverberg will be writing guest editorials.

You'll also get advance firsthand reports and interviews about the *HM* movie, culminating in a sixteen-page pullout section covered by Bhob Stewart, including dozens of pictures on the making of this film.

Of this you can be certain: you'll never be bored reading *Heavy Metal*.

L.M.

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Take Another Look...

This really is a lovely illustration, but because of blue laws and the like, our distributors nixed the whole shot as a front cover.

Christos Achilleos, an England-based artist, has long been an admirer of the female anatomy, and his Vargas-esque style can be seen on covers throughout the world. He is currently working on the new *Heavy Metal* film, due to come out this summer.

So, go ahead, take another look. ELLE is mesmerizing.

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CHAIN MAIL

Dear Eds:

Chicago, January 1980: It was one of those ferociously cold winter nights when merely going to the movies becomes an Arctic trek. Nonetheless, a friend and I did weather the piercing winds driving in over the lake. Our booted feet dripping slush, each breath sawing through our dry lips like razor blades, we stood in front of the stuttering neon sign of the theater, where the midnight show double-billed two strange items. One was Tod Browning's *Freaks*, our main inducement for making the journey. Ever since reading an article on it in *Castle of Frankenstein*, I'd wanted to see it.

The other film was something called *Eraserhead*, by this guy, uh, what was his name? Uh, oh yeah, David Lynch. *Eraserhead*'s trailer, viewed some weeks before, had given no indication of what the film would be about, so our interest was extremely kindled concerning this film.

Well, my friend and I enjoyed *Freaks*. Classic flick. Then came this other movie.

Incredible.

Black-and-white photography. Excellent special effects. Good acting. But no logical story line. An uneven, jolting string of sequences denying form or coherence.

Then I knew. Hey! This was a dream! A twisted, fascinating, hilarious dream! I knew *Eraserhead* was destined to become a cult classic. I knew it was a brilliant piece of cinema, perhaps the first pure form of what could be codified as "dream cinema." And I was extremely proud that I'd seen it before almost everyone else in Chicago had. I had been one of the brave ones, particularly considering the adverse conditions I had traveled under to see the movie.

But I turned out to be wrong. *Eraserhead* wasn't the first dream cinema. *Dementia* came out first. It was even released on a double bill with *Freaks*, like Lynch's masterpiece.

Thanks, Bhob, for a fascinating article on *Dementia*. I hope I can one day view the film that so inspired David Lynch. I also hope the interview with VeSota is published soon. Too bad it won't be in *Castle of Frankenstein*, which remains the best magazine published to date on the literature and cinema of the fantastic.

Henry (D.D.) Hamilton
Chicago, Ill.

Eds:

Happened upon a statement in the November 1980 issue of *HM* that kinda blew my mind. In Stalins's Muzick column, he quotes Robert Goldstein as saying, "I feel we're revolutionary . . . ." Well, Jesumm, he's good and all, even terrific, but don'tcha think that's a bit haughty?

Buz Fain
Gambier, Ohio

Hey Buz, once again we must apologize to Lou (and his interviewee). Actually Robert was being humble in his reply. He really said, "I don't think . . ." Ooops . . .seems our copy editor felt they are revolutionary and hated to see him publicly scar his image. Who knows? In any event, pardons to all.
—The Eds.

Dear Editor:

Herge thanks you sincerely for Maurice Horn's excellent article—as long as based on sound documentary evidence!—that appeared in the August 1980 issue of *Heavy Metal*.

If Herge can't write you personally, unfortunately it is only because he is actually absent on account of ill health.

Nevertheless, we may tell you that he did read your article with great interest and that he really has been touched.

for Herge
Alain Baran,
Brussels, Belgium

Dear Per,

What I tell you three times is *true*.

Since I have subscribed to *HM* my letter-carrier per has grown hair on the palm of hiers hands.

Carroll Kenton
Urbana, Ohio

Eds:

What's this I hear? *Heavy Metal* is undergoing yet another face-lift? What gives?

Hedy Ehrlich
Washington, D.C.

Dear Hedy:
Yes, it's true. HM seems to have gone through many a change since its first issue, in April of '77. We feel that all changes have been healthy ones, but we know the new look for 1981 will be the strongest, most fantastic of them all.
We found, through surveys and the like, that Heavy Metal *readers prefer strip work to columns. Not to say our columns aren't interesting—we think all of our columnists are innovative and exciting. But* Heavy Metal *is an* illustrated *magazine, and prose seemed to be getting away from that concept.*
The new look will offer more than sixty pages of color strips, seasoned with a smattering of black-and-white art. Each issue will begin with a guest editorial by a notable science-fiction author (see January '81 for Robert Silverberg's!) and/or artist. Plus gallery sections with previews of new illustrated SF, fantasy books, and new-artist discoveries. But enough about us. How's the nightlife in Washington?—The Eds.

MUZICK

Illustration by Jerry Tarkin

Lou Stathis

Two madmen are in the living room, pointing and jabbering. Though they are admittedly fueled by a modest assortment of chemicals, it is almost impossible to determine where the natural manic exuberance of these two stops and where the synthetic overdrive cuts in. But whatever the source, their wild energy is both intellectually contagious and physically draining. The third and distinctly inactive member of this party, your burned-out correspondent, is slouched in a chair with his underutilized mouth hanging stupidly open, chin resting on his chest. He's stunned speechless by the sideshow being performed before him. He wishes he had a videotape machine.

The duo of frenzied loons are Keith Silva and Layne Rico, who, along with the more sedate Scot Simon (absent this date), are a band called Our Daughters Wedding. The object of their excitement at the moment is a copy of a ten-inch single by Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark. "Messages," that's being played at VERY LOUD VOLUME on the gramophone.

"This is it," they're yelling, waving the record sleeve in the air and hopping from their seats like baboons in an elementary-school classroom. What's all the fuss about? "This is the record we're using," they shout over the stereo. "This is the best thing that's been done, and we aim to beat it." Cheeky pair. But not out of line, really, judging by what I've seen the band do live and on their first single, a modest little disc that's just about sold out its thousand-copy pressing. Like Orchestral Manoeuvres, Our Daughters Wedding is a young, melodic, song-oriented synth band. Their sound is warm, passionate, and tuneful. Though they will doubtless be compared to Gary Numan, the only real common ground between the two is their use of synthesizers. They are not in the least "sterile" or "forbidding" (things Numan has most often been accused of being), and their vibrantly accessible songs deal with real human concerns.

Their story is a familiar one: "We was bored," they say. Has anyone ever done a study on the influence of boredom on progress in the arts? Surely it's one of the major factors of change. "We went through everything," sez Layne, who's barely twenty-two. "In high school I played drums in a hard-core punk band, and after that in a pop-rok band called the Human Bends." Keith and Scott were also members of that band. The Human Bends played around the Vacaville/San Francisco area (Keith and Layne's hometown—Scott hails from Philadelphia), refining a Cars/Cheap Trick sound "before we'd ever heard of them," surviving until "our lead singer decided he was God." End of band. Scott headed back to Philly, where he joined (and still plays with) a rok band called Neighbors And Allies, while Keith went to NYC and Layne dumped his drum kit in favor of a Synare percussion synthesizer (which he plays with his hands). Pretty soon Keith was on the phone back to Layne, hollering at him to get on a plane. With the addition of a since departed third member, the first version of Our Daughters Wedding was born.

"Even though we come from California," Keith explains, "our sound isn't California at all—it's New York and Europe." Layne, as is his custom, leaps in and adds, "Back home, we played at a couple of parties, and the people there just couldn't comprehend what we were doing." Keith retakes the floor and says with ill-concealed contempt: "Yeah, Vacaville means *cow town*." Back to Layne. "They didn't even recognize who we were—they thought we were from the air-force base because we had short hair. They kept wanting to know if we were like Devo. To them, everything that's different is Devo." He snorts in derision.

Why did they move to electronics? Keith shrugs and answers, "We were due for a change, I guess, and electronics suited us. We've changed not just with the times, but also with our feelings. We're not really an 'electronic band,' we're just musicians who project what we do on electronic instruments. Our music is day-to-day, not just past reflections but concerns of the present and future. Nothing we do is premeditated, it just happens. I have no idea where our songs come from—I don't even remember writing them."

"We absorb any environment we're in," Layne reports. "We lived in New Jersey for a while [chorus of hoots], and some of our best material came from there. We were doing stuff like using machine noises from the Sterno factory we worked in as a layer in recording."

When essentially good instincts are utilized in an intuitive songwriting process, a timeless, elegant sense of simplicity frequently finds its way into the music. That's the case with Our Daughters Wedding, and their songs show the same engaging melodic naivete that one listens for in the best pop music. It's especially true of "Nightlife," the A-side of their single, a straightforwardly structured song that carries its strength in the almost archetypical way Keith's richly textured voice is juxtaposed against the two synth phrases during the first line of the second verse. It's a classic interplay of a descending chordal sequence matched with a short, repeat-with-variations phrase—Bach-like, essentially simple, and functionally beautiful. The feeling of the song is reinforced texturally by the way Layne's crisp, crystalline rhythm lines cut through the cloud of melody Keith sets up with his Roland String Synthesizer, like blinking lights seen

continued on page 63

SF

Steve Brown

A new element began diffusing in the SF community during the 1968 World SF convention in Oakland, California: the widespread use of recreational drugs in SF fandom. (By a paradox typical of SF people, the far-seeing visionaries of the field are always a few years behind the rest of society.) That was the year that *The Butterfly Kid*, by Chester Anderson, was nominated for the Best Novel Hugo award. It lost (honorably, to Roger Zelazny's pyrotechnic *Lord of Light*), but its publication heralded a new strain in the writing, a new group of influences on the writers.

The drug experience has always been one of the SF writer's tools. Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World* showed a chemically tailored society. Cyril Kornbluth's savage novelette "Two Dooms" portrayed a genuine psychedelic experience: a peyote trip used as a method for entering an alternate universe, complete with Indian mysticism.* But all of these earlier stories used drugs as a means to an end. *The Butterfly Kid* unabashedly celebrates the use of drugs for sheer entertainment.

The plot of *The Butterfly Kid* is absurd, trivial, yet very funny. Earth is being surreptitiously invaded by giant blue lobsters from "outer space." The lobsters are in an ethical quandary. They sincerely want to dominate the known universe, yet they are squeamish about causing physical harm to any living being. So, they conquer by generating confusion. They hide out in an old tenement in New York and spread a new drug on the street: Reality Pills. Besides stoning you, these pills enable you to hallucinate reality. If you think you see twenty green giraffes the size of St. Bernards, they will actually appear, following you through the streets in single file, causing consternation and seriously undermining the world view of passing executives. Though they fade when you come down, while you are high these hallucinations are as real as fire hydrants. The lobsters plan to dump the drug into New York's reservoirs (when they finish field-testing it) and bloodlessly take over in the resulting chaos. Naturally, the hardy band of freaks that populate the book learn the truth and save Earth from Lobstoid domination.

The value of *The Butterfly Kid* lies not only in the witty slapstick of the story but also in the unerring detail with which Anderson has caught the milieu of the times. The book is set in Greenwich Village, ostensibly in the future (there are a few small

continued on page 74

* Included in *What If?*, Richard Lupoff, ed., Pocket Books, September 1980, $2.50

COMIX

Jay Kinney

History of Underground Comix
Chapter Ten: Over and Out

When I first began relating the convoluted history of underground comix in this column last January I hoped it would take only two or three issues to familiarize you with the important details of this underrated branch of comic art. (Pause for wild laughter.) Little did I guess that the supply of history is endless and that the temptation to squeeze in just one more name, date, and anecdote is very hard to resist. Consequently, here we are, many issues later, with the capsule UG history still tromping through 1971.

Since this is my final Comix column, that leaves nine years to cover in this issue! Can it be done? Certainly, my friends. I've been practicing up by inscribing the Lord's Prayer on the head of a pin. So, grab your magnifying glass and let's see what became of the UG comix movement as the seventies whizzed by.

At the start of this history I made much of the fact that UG comix sprang largely out of the sixties counterculture and achieved popularity through their ability to both express and satirize the values and world view of their long-haired audience.

Well, much water has flowed under the bridge since 1968, the counterculture has long since assimilated into mainstream culture, and yet UG comix are still with us—a little more expensive, and as hard to find as ever, but pluckily hanging on. This seems to deny all logic, especially in the realm of popular culture. Light shows, psychedelic bands (except for the Grateful Dead), UG papers, and other once vital cultural expressions have all disappeared as tastes and audience spending patterns have changed. In the shifting sands of the mass market, things are popular only so long as they reflect the needs and emotions of their audience.

Why, then, haven't UG comix, associated as they are in the public mind with a long-gone era, succumbed to bankruptcy and vanished? The answer lies in the curious fact that UGs never really achieved a mass audience and thus never came to depend on one. They began as self-published larks and soon became cult items, passed from hand to hand. With the exception of a few runaway successes (*The Freak Brothers* and *Zap*), UGs remain cult items today, though their audience has turned over several times in the interim.

Now, I've got nothing against cults per se—I'm a member of several myself—but if their cult status has allowed UG comix to survive till now, it has also been a curse that, left to its own devices, could spell their eventual doom.

Let me try to explain. UG comix first developed a loyal following in their role as taboo breakers and iconoclasts. In tackling that which wasn't allowed both in straight comics and society they played an avant-garde role, similar to that of the Velvet Underground in the world of late-sixties rock.

However, no sooner had the comix begun puckishly thumbing their noses at the bland mainstream culture than they were surpassed in explicitness and vulgarity by a fleet of well-hyped movies, magazines, and shows that left the hand-crafted comix whirling in the dust. S. Clay Wilson's bloodbaths seemed almost tame next to *Night of the Living Dead*. *Tales of the Leather Nun* merely hinted at the decadence that *The Rocky Horror Show* wallowed in. *Deep Throat*, Marilyn Chambers, *Hustler*, and *Screw* made *Snatch Comics* look like a child's coloring book. Even TV gave the comix a run for their money. "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman"'s bathos and absurdity were available nightly, while *Young Lust* took years between issues.

By the mid seventies, grossing out middle America had become a billion-dollar industry. For UG comix to continue in this vein was superfluous. For better or worse (mostly worse) the task was now in other hands, which left the UG cartoonists free for other pursuits. That these pursuits no longer dovetailed into a common movement should not surprise us if we glance back briefly at that mid-decade period.

Following five years of steady momentum, 1973 saw the UG-comix market crash, as the Supreme Court, a newsprint shortage, and the the recession teamed up to bring the pint-sized industry to a standstill. With the main UG publishers poised on the brink of bankruptcy, no comix came out for months on end. If the comix were to survive, it looked as if the cartoonists might have to take the initiative and return to self-publishing. The Cartoonists' Co-op Press was formed on this assumption: an effort spearheaded by Bill Griffith, Willy

continued on page 55

FLIX

Illustration by Geoff Dunbar

Bhob

Life Is a Cartoon

All around me, in all corners of this room, are hanging files jam-packed and overflowing with bulging file folders variously labeled "Rubber Stamp Animation," "Zlatko Grgic," "Animation in Holland," etc. In every country, almost, animation is breaking out as *the* art form of the eighties—while I sit here like a knit-browed Zagreb cartoon character, wondering how and where I'll find magazine markets with any interest whatsoever in new-age animation. And, complicating matters, a massive Link-Belt crane claw has begun dismantling an entire four-story building three feet away from my window while I squint Magoo-like at these file folders, barely able to make out the *labels*, after having lost my spex somewhere between Canada and here while returning from the Ottawa '80 Animation Festival, a six-day bash of innovative international animation employing such a wide range of techniques and concepts that it would really require a book-length ms., not this single column, to accurately report what I saw and experienced there.

Corrigenda/Addenda

First, some backtracking. I don't know about *your* copies of *Heavy Metal*, but in *my* copies the type lice have been crawling out from behind the staples at night to do funny little things to this column—like relocating quote marks, inserting hyphens, and spelling Luana Anders's name "Launa" (August). Or, in one case, erasing an ellipsis (. . .). That never would have happened in an issue of *Little Dot* comics, believe me. Since this is *HM*, it may be gremlins at work, not type lice, I dunno. But take a look at the end of the October Flix, where the four lines from William Blake were typeset to look like only two lines.

Others are *my* goofs and oversights, and I can't blame the type lice for these. (Yes, I dood it. No blindfold, please.) In the August account of the making of *Dementia* I should have mentioned that comedian Shelley Berman is in the cast, but that one went right by me. And that photo of Bill Sebastian's Outer Space Visual Communicator keyboard (October) is by Marie Favorito, not "Savorito."

In July I wrote about the "Siamese cats" in Sara Petty's animated *Furies*. A pleasant letter from Sara Petty contains so many compliments and such insight into her creative process that I had to read it twice before grasping that I had blown it again. For those of you who haven't yet seen *Furies*, her description here of her cats reads very much like a

continued on page 70

"I'll Tell You This, Man—I Don't Know What's Gonna Happen, But I Wanna Have My Kicks Before The Whole Shithouse Goes Up In Flames..."

THE DEFINITIVE, LONG-AWAITED BIOGRAPHY

Jim Morrison

No One Here Gets Out Alive

He lived too fast and died too soon. For one explosive instant, he was a pop god who ruled the world of rock with demonic genius and absolute control of the frenzied audiences who massed to worship him. And when, in 1971, he was found dead at the age of twenty-eight in his Paris flat, he became as sensational in death as he'd been in life. Was it a heart attack as reported? Or were the whispers of drug overdose—even murder— closer to the truth?

Now for the first time, the full story of Jim Morrison's tragedy and triumph is told in this remarkable biography, NO ONE HERE GETS OUT ALIVE. Here is the mythic hero of rock in all his complexity: the singer/lyricist of The Doors; the brilliant poet and philosopher, the obsessed delinquent and disciple of darkness who rejected any and all authority, the explorer who probed "the bounds of reality to see what would happen."

Often shocking and always fascinating, NO ONE HERE GETS OUT ALIVE is the definitive biography of Jim Morrison, a masterwork that was seven years in the writing. It's the work of two men whose empathy and experience with Morrison uniquely qualified them to recount his story: Jerry Hopkins, whose 2-million-copy Presley best-seller, ELVIS, was inspired by Morrison's suggestion, and Danny Sugerman, confidant and aide to The Doors.

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- ☐ More than 60 photographs
- ☐ A complete discography of 30 Morrison songs
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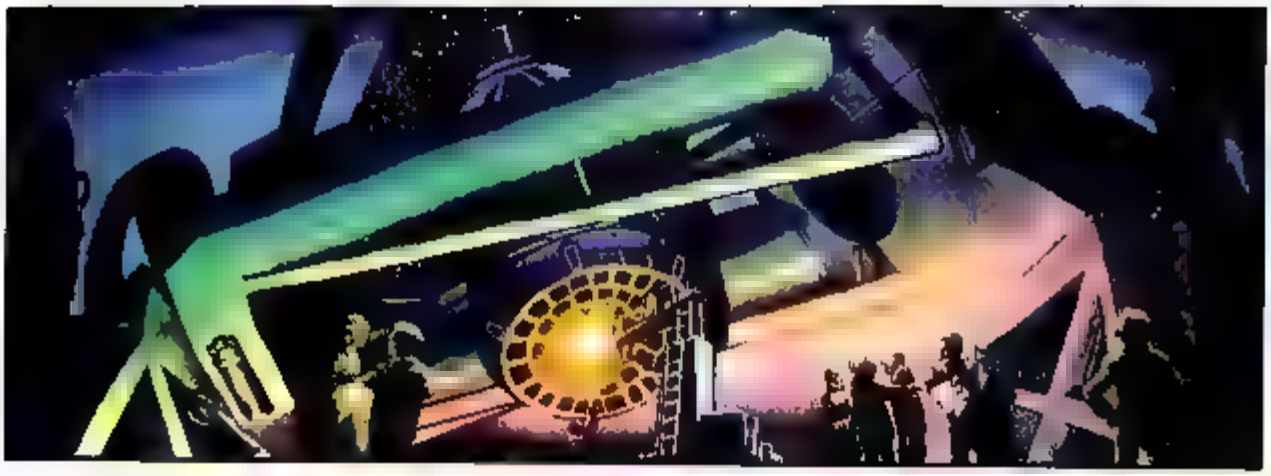
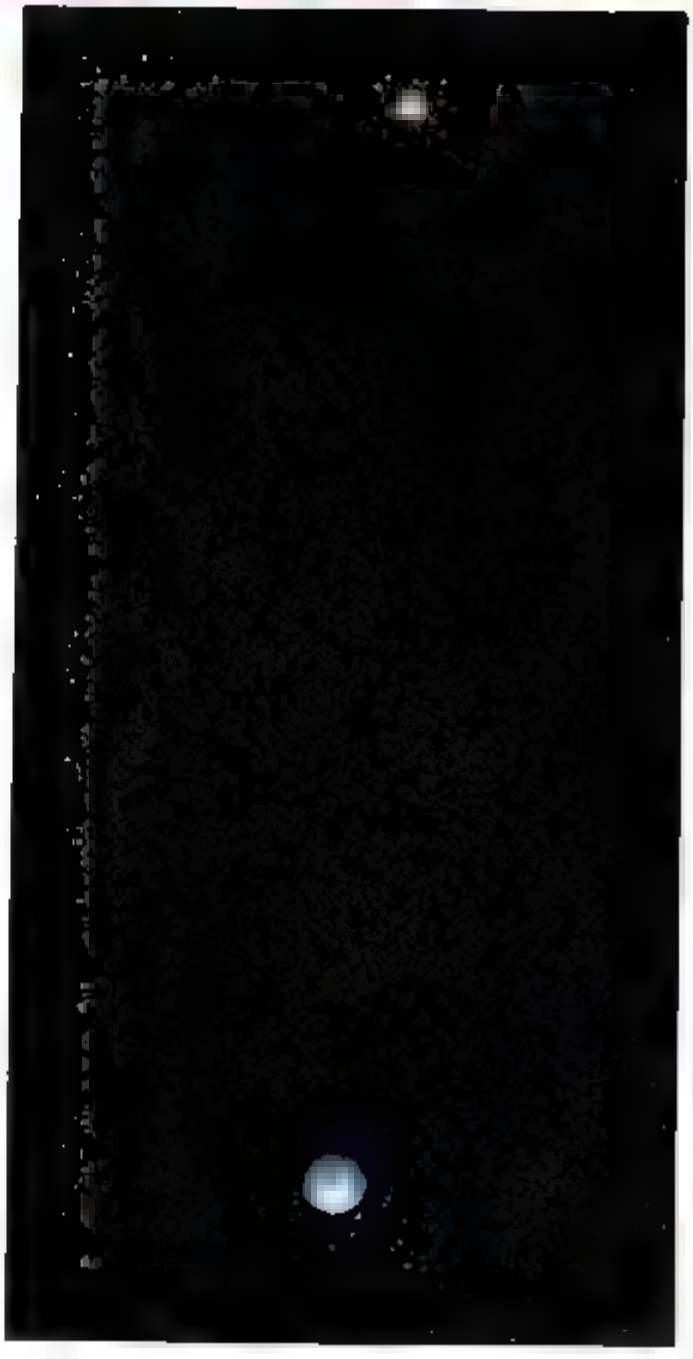
Robert E. Howard

BLOODSTAR

Richard Corben

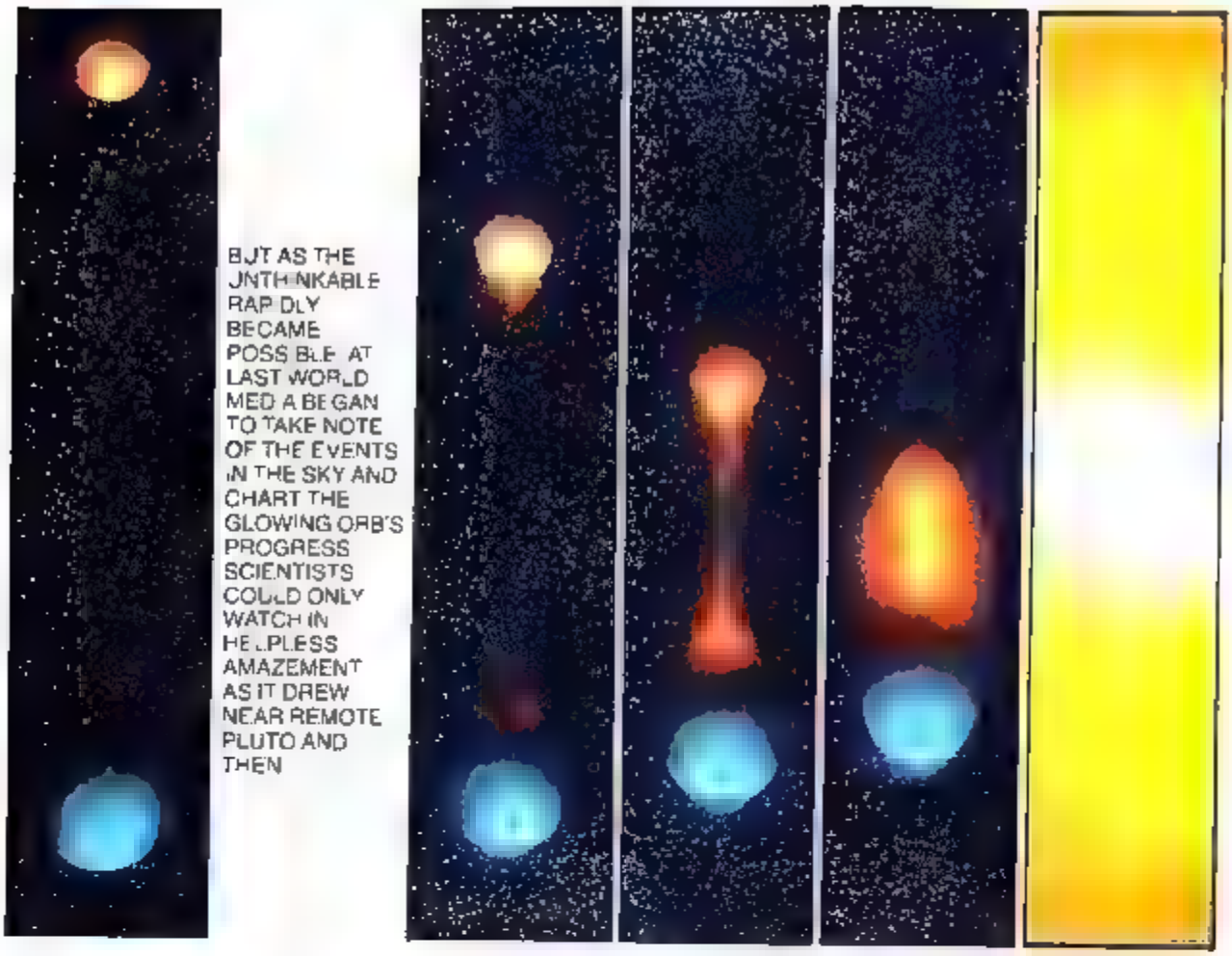




THROUGH THE POL SHED TELESCOPE LENSES ON MT SHAW AND AT THE ARRECIBO BOWL. ASTRONOMERS ONE EVEN NG WERE AMAZED TO FIND A NEW LIGHT IN THE SKY A BRIGHT OBJECT HAD MADE TS PRESENCE VISIBLE IN THE VICINITY OF PLUTO RUSSIAN AND SWEDISH OBSERVATORIES SOON CONF RMED THE SIGHTING OF WHAT APPEARED TO BE A SMALL WANDER NG STAR OF UNDETERMINED MASS AND ORIG N HURTL NG TOWARD THE SOLAR SYSTEM. SMALL MENTION WAS MADE OF THIS NEW BODY IN THE MORNING NEWSPAPERS AND IT WAS ONLY BR EFLY NOTED ON THE NEWS WIRES

BUT ASTRONOMERS WATCHED THAT REGION OF THE SKY WITH INTENSE CURIOSITY AS THE DAYS PASSED WONDERING WHAT MIGHT BE HAPPENING OUT THERE

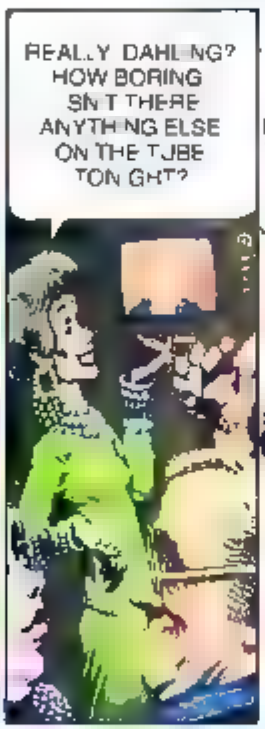
THE SPECK OF LIGHT GREW IN SIZE AND BRIGHTNESS AT AN INCREDIBLE RATE SHOWING UP CLEARLY NOW ON PHOTOGRAPHIC PLATES AS IT NEARED PLUTO SCIENTISTS GREW UNEASY AT THE GROWING PROX MITY OF THE TWO HEAVENLY BOD ES. STILL WITH SO MUCH SPACE OUT THERE A COLLISION SEEMED UNTHINKABLE


BUT AS THE UNTHINKABLE RAPIDLY BECAME POSSIBLE AT LAST WORLD MEDIA BEGAN TO TAKE NOTE OF THE EVENTS IN THE SKY AND CHART THE GLOWING ORB'S PROGRESS SCIENTISTS COULD ONLY WATCH IN HELPLESS AMAZEMENT AS IT DREW NEAR REMOTE PLUTO AND THEN

SO NOW THE WORLD DID TAKE NOTE FOR THE WANDERING ORB HAD JUST DRAWN PLUTO INTO ITS MOLTEN MASS

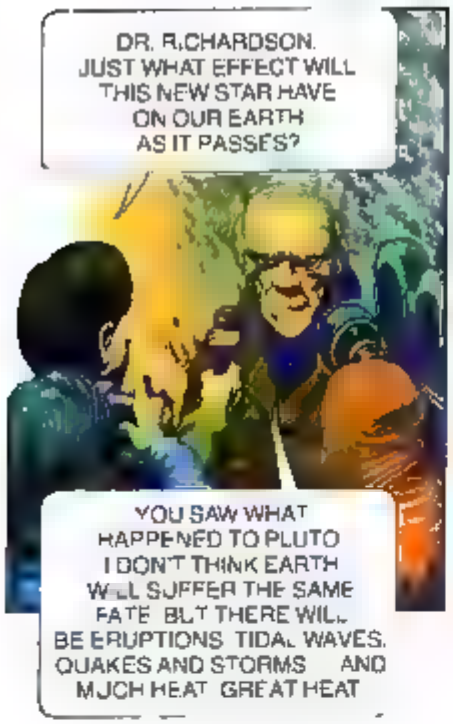
THE TWO BODIES FUSED IN A GIANT BALL OF BLINDING INCANDESCENCE

PEOPLE NOW WATCHED IT RISE AND FALL EACH EVENING, GROWING LARGER WITH EACH NEW RISING



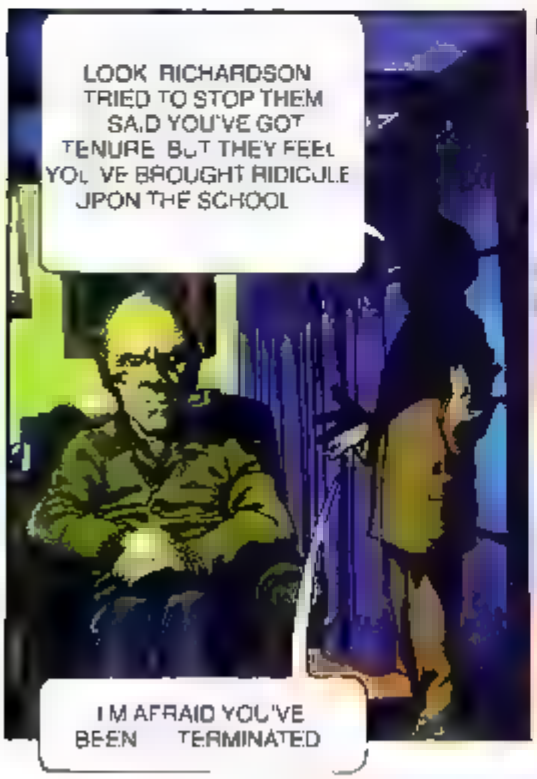
BOY! JUST LIKE "WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE"!
DAD LOST HIS JOB TODAY. THEY CLOSED THE MILL ON ACCOUNT OF THE STAR
NOBODY SEEMS TO WANT TO DO ANYTHING ANYMORE

WHY? WHY HERE? OUT OF ALL THE VASTNESS OF SPACE WHY D D YOU HAVE TO COME HERE?
PAY ATTENTION. PLEASE TODAY YOUR FORMAL SCHOOL NG ENDS DOUBTLESS TH S WILL BE GOOD NEWS. FOR SOME
THERE MAY ST LL BE LESSONS FOR YOU OUT THERE BEYOND THESE WALLS IN THE SHORT SPACE LEFT BUT THERE IS NOTHING MORE FOR YOU HERE
IS HE KIDDING?
ONE FINAL PIECE OF INFORMATION– AND NO LONGER THEORETICAL UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES
HEY! DOC'S DISCOVERED THE SECRET OF FIRE!
THE F NDINGS WHICH THE SCIENTIST EXPOUNDED TO H S ASTROPHYSICS CLASS MADE THE S X AND TEN O'CLOCK NEWS AS WELL AS MOST NATIONAL AND INTERNATIONAL PAPERS. TH S ALIEN INTR DER INTO THE SOLAR SYSTEM WAS MOVING ON A DIRECT COLLISION COURSE WITH THE SUN ONLY THE GRAVITAT ONAL PULL OF THE OTHER PLANETS MIGHT DEFLECT THE ORB S DISASTROUS PATH WHATEVER THE OUTCOME EARTH WAS DOOMED!


DR. RICHARDSON. JUST WHAT EFFECT WILL THIS NEW STAR HAVE ON OUR EARTH AS IT PASSES?
YOU SAW WHAT HAPPENED TO PLUTO I DON'T THINK EARTH WILL SUFFER THE SAME FATE BUT THERE WILL BE ERUPTIONS TIDAL WAVES, QUAKES AND STORMS AND MUCH HEAT GREAT HEAT

AS THE FIERY BALL CONTINUED TO SPEED CLOSER THE TEMPERATURE ROSE STEADILY MID-WINTER VANISHED REPLACED BY PREMATURE SUMMER. STILL LIFE WENT ON MUCH AS USUAL

JESUS! THEM NUTS AND SALVATION SCREWBALLS ARE GOIN WILD! NOTHIN'LL STOP THEM FROM RIOTIN NOW!
THE STAR'S SUPPOSED TO PASS SATURN TONIGHT WONDER WHAT'LL HAPPEN TO THE RINGS?

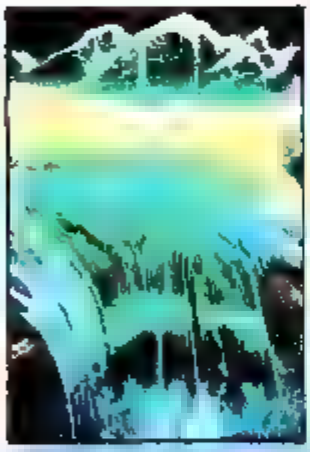

LOOK RICHARDSON TRIED TO STOP THEM SAID YOU'VE GOT TENURE BUT THEY FEEL YOU'VE BROUGHT RIDICULE UPON THE SCHOOL
I'M AFRAID YOU'VE BEEN TERMINATED

LAUGHTER AND SKEPTICISM CEASED EVERYWHERE AS THE STAR ROSE LIKE A TWIN SUN TO SCORCH THE WORLD.

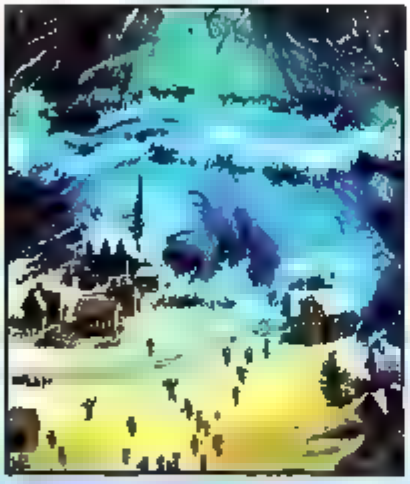
A FALSE DAWN ROSE OVER AMERICA. BLINDING WHITE AND HOT

INFERNO WINDS SEARED THE LAND WITH CYCLONE FORCE!

ALL OVER THE GLOBE ICE AND SNOW BEGAN TO MELT



BOILING RIVERS THUNDERED DOWN FROM THE HEIGHTS CARRYING EVERYTHING BEFORE THEM

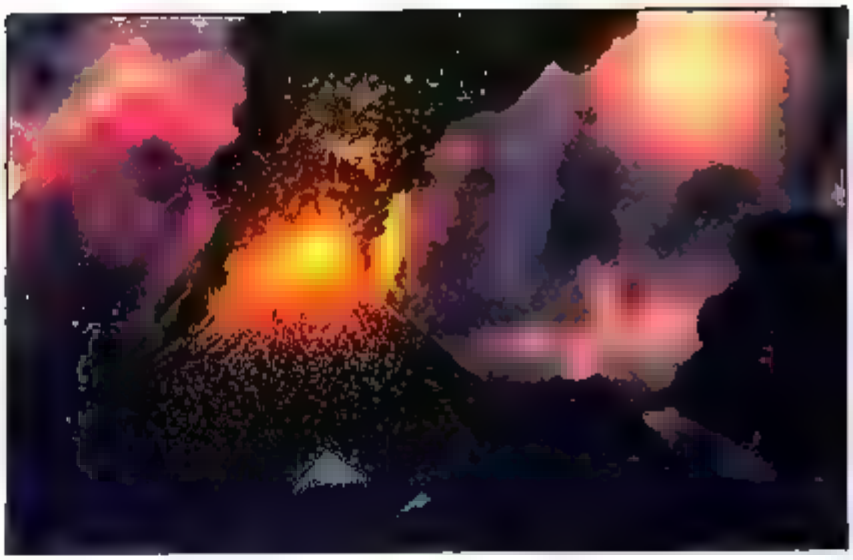


THE EARTH YAWNED OPEN SWALLOWING TOWNS AND CITIES. MOUNTAIN RANGES SLID INTO THE SEA! MUSHROOM CLOUDS MARKED WHERE NUCLEAR PLANTS HAD REACHED CRITICAL MASS AND DETONATED

THE MOON SWUNG ERRATICALLY CLOSER TO THE EARTH, CAUSING CONTINENT-SMASHING TIDAL WAVES.

MILLIONS OF PEOPLE ON BOTH COASTS WATCHED IN NUMB HORROR AS THE TITANIC DOMES OF WATER AND STEAM RUSHED TOWARD THEM! A FEW EVEN TRIED TO FLEE. THEIR EARDRUMS SHATTERED BY THE ROAR OF THE ADVANCING BLUE-GREEN WALL.

ASIA'S LONG-DORMANT VOLCANOES WOKE, SPEWING POISONOUS GAS AND TONS OF BLACK ASH WHICH BURIED PEKING AND MOSCOW AFRICA BECAME A VAST GLAZED FLATLAND. THE MEDITERRANEAN BOILED AWAY

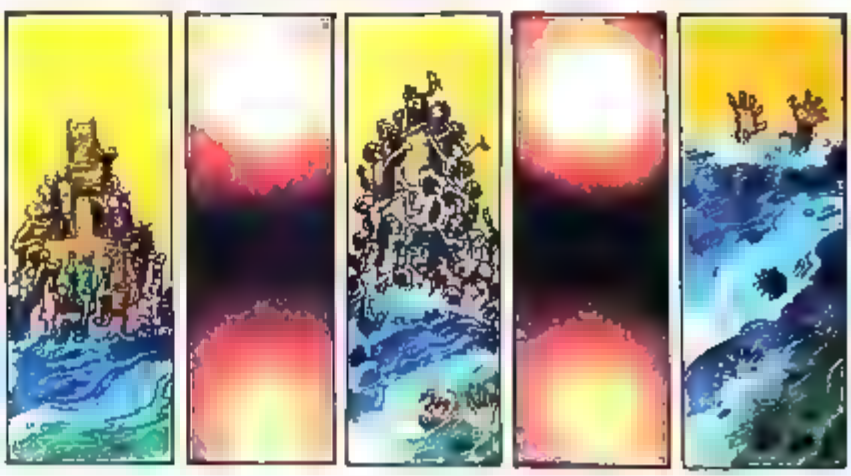


CLOSER DREW THE STAR, HOTTER AND BRIGHTER STILL

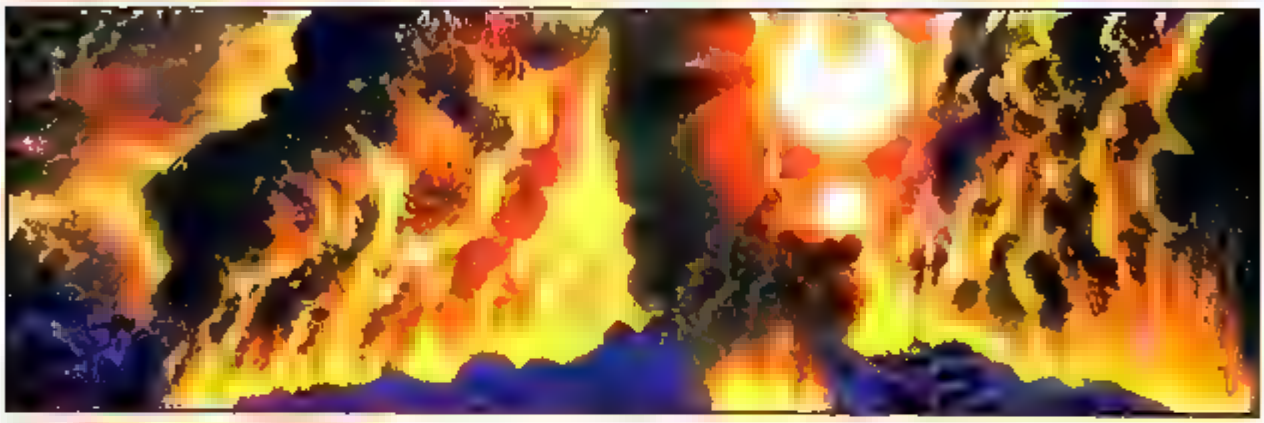
MELTING POLAR CAPS FLOODED THE OHIO VALLEY AND SUBMERGED AUSTRALIA. WHAT WAS LEFT OF OLD NEW YORK WAS INUNDATED BENEATH MILES OF MUD

HAD THERE BEEN LIVING EYES TO BEHOLD IT IN THE SKIES OVER THE PARCHED WASTE THAT WAS ONCE THE PACIFIC, THEY WOULD HAVE SEEN THE GLOWING MASS START TO MOVE AWAY FROM THE EARTH ECLIPSED BY THE PRESUMPTUOUS MOON

AND THEN AS THE LAST FEW MILLIONS AWAITED THAT FINAL WITHERING DAWN THE STAR DID NOT RISE!

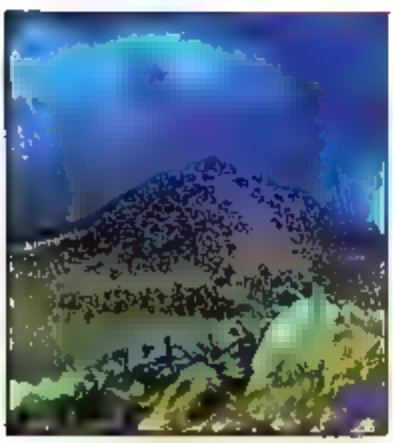


THE EARTH'S SURFACE SMOLDERED AS THE STAR MOVED TOWARD THE SUN. HURRICANE WINDS SWEPT THE LAST REMAINING CITIES AWAY

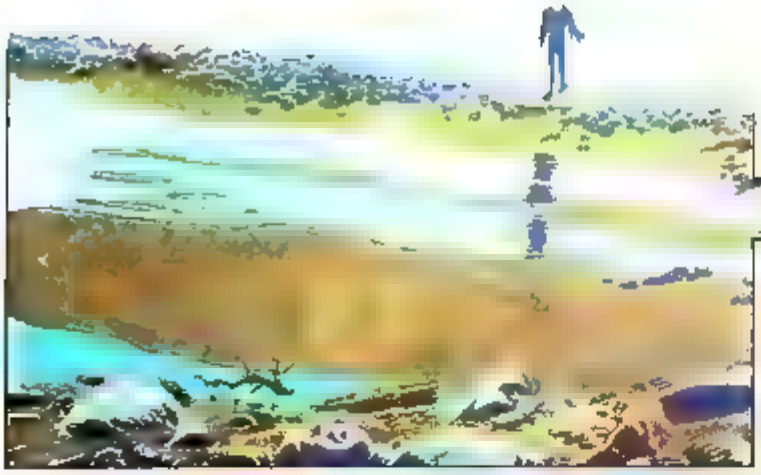


THE GROUND RIPPLED AND HEAVED FROM THE TREMENDOUS GRAVITATIONAL STRESSES PLACED UPON IT. THE TWO SHINING ORBS, DIMLY SEEN THROUGH THE PALL OF EARTH'S INCINERATION, MOVED SLOWLY TOWARD EACH OTHER.

THERE WAS ONLY A HANDFUL OF SURVIVORS LEFT WHO SAW THAT LAST MONSTROUS COSMIC UNION. FOR THEM THE HEAT, THE HUNGER, THE THIRST, THE PAIN, AND THE DESPAIR WOULD CONTINUE FOR AGES.

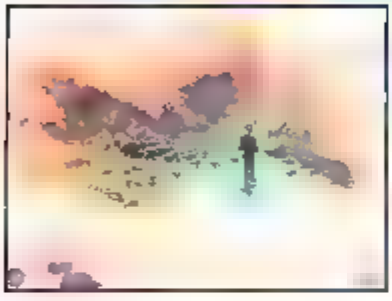


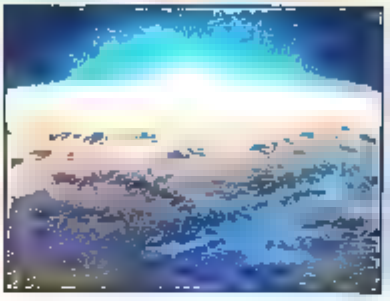
AFTER A TIME, CLOUD MASSES GATHERED TO SHROUD THE BARREN, SMOKING WORLD. THE FIRST TORRENTIAL DOWNPOURS BEGAN, COOLING THE MOLTEN ROCK, HEALING THE EARTH'S OPEN WOUNDS.

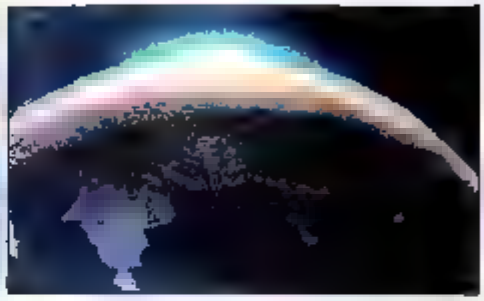


WHEN THE LUKEWARM WATERS FINALLY RECEDED, THEY UNCOVERED A WORLD'S DEAD

GREAT QUAKES STILL SPORADICALLY ROCKED THE BATTERED GLOBE





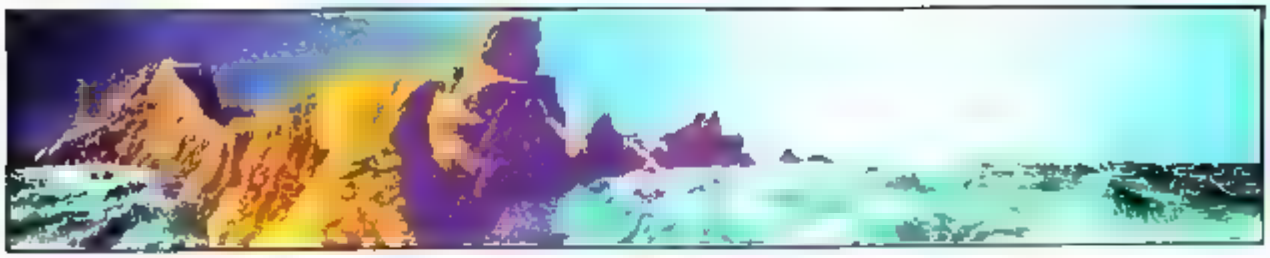


PICKING THEIR WAY THROUGH THE WRECKAGE OF CIVILIZATION, SURVIVORS FOUND TEMPERATURES HIGHER AND THE AIR STEAMIER. A LARGER SUN BLAZED IN AN ORANGE SKY OVERHEAD. GREEN SHOOTS BEGAN TO PUSH UP THROUGH THE RUINS. SOON LUSH WILDERNESS COVERED THE LANDS FROM SHORE TO PRIMAL SHORE

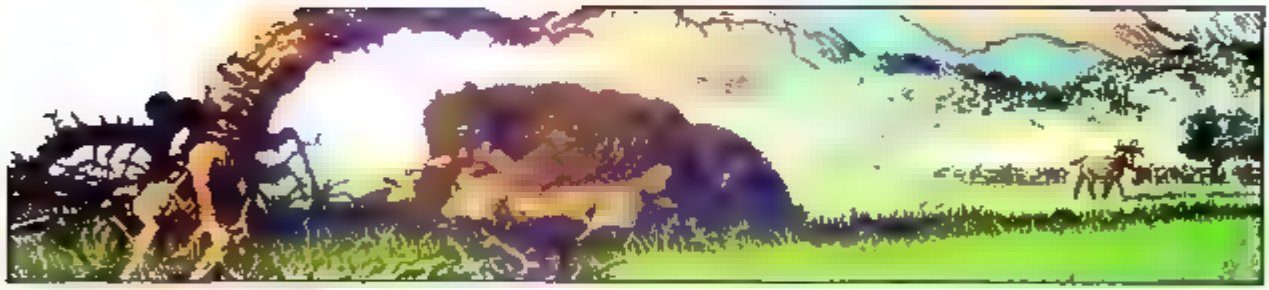
SUCH CATACLYSMIC UPHEAVALS AND SHIFTS IN CLIMATE WERE NOTHING NEW IN EARTH'S HISTORY. IN ITS TIME IT HAD KNOWN THE GRINDING MARCH OF ICE WALLS, THE MOLTEN SPAWN OF MOUNTAIN RANGES, LAVA FLOODS FROM DEEP INSIDE. THESE HAD MARKED ITS SURFACE BUT NEVER SHAKEN IT FROM ITS ETERNAL ORBIT. NOW, AS FOR ITS LAST THREE BILLION YEARS, IT WHIRLED INDIFFERENTLY THROUGH SPACE AROUND A STRANGELY ALTERED SUN.

LIFE AGAIN THRIVED UPON ITS SURFACE—HARDIER, STRONGER, MORE BARBARIC.

THE STAR'S PASSING WROUGHT VAST GEOLOGICAL CHANGES EARTH S VERY CRUST HAD BEEN WRINKLED AND PUSHED NTO NEW PEAKS PULLED AND STRETCHED TO FORM DEEP TRENCHES INTO WHICH SEETHING WATERS POURED TO BECOME NEW OCEANS

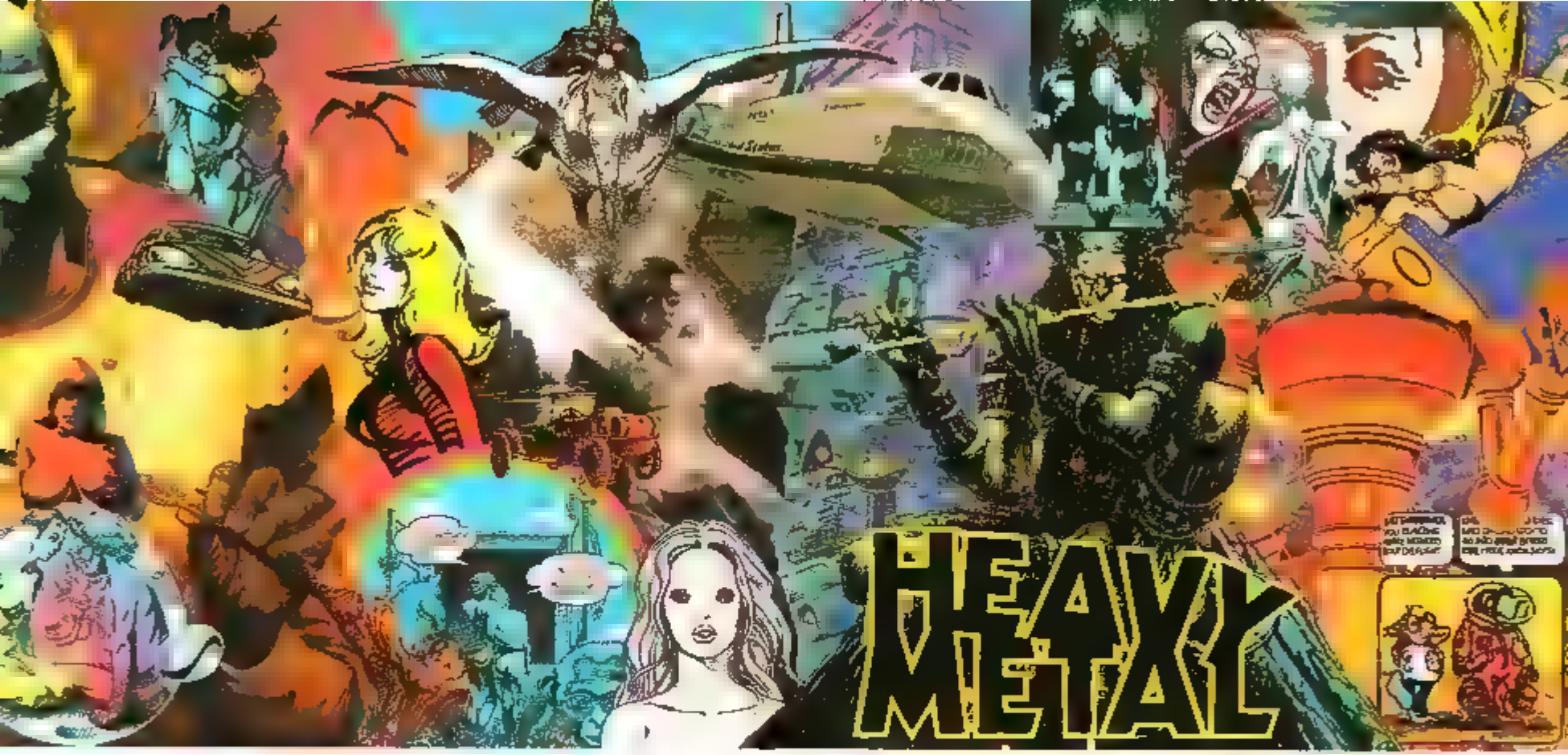


POWERFUL RAYS FROM THE STAR HAD POISONED THE PRODUCTIVE LAND NEAR THE EQUATOR RUINED CITIES GLOWED AT NIGHT WITH A RAD-ATION THAT WOULD LAST HUNDREDS OF YEARS SOME LIFE FORMS DISAPPEARED COMPLETELY OTHERS MUTATED–AND ADAPTED



TECHNOLOGY WAS A FADING DREAM SURVIVORS OF THAT STELLAR HOLOCAUST WERE RETURNED TO A SAVAGE SIMPLICITY OF EXISTENCE PRIMITIVE TRIBES WANDERED ACROSS THE EARTH IN SEARCH OF FOOD AND SAFE HAVEN

TO BE CONTINUED



COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

#1/APRIL, 1977 The Collector's Edition with the debut of Moebius's 'Arzach' Corben's 'Den.' Bode's 'Sungod' and more ($5.00)

#2/MAY 1977 Russian astronauts Roger the paranoid puppet 'Conquering Armies' the ultimate rock festival and more. ($4.00)

#3/JUNE, 1977 Macedo's 'Rocklobz' the highly praised 'Shalla' the beginning of Dave's 'World Apart' Moebius Corben Bode more ($3.00)

#4/JULY, 1977 Lots of Moebius 'Arzach' plus part one of 'The Long Tomorrow' also the final installment of 'Sungod' ($3.00)

#5/AUGUST 1977 The saga of Polonius begins. 'The Long Tomorrow' concludes and 'The World Apart' and 'Den' continue ($3.00)

#6/SEPTEMBER, 1977: Roger Zelazny has a short story. Moebius a space opera, plus more 'World Apart' 'Den' and 'Polonius' ($3.00)

#7/OCTOBER, 1977: Fiction by Theodore Sturgeon Moebius's 'Airtight Garage.' 'Den' and 'Polonius' nudity, and more ($3.00)

#8/NOVEMBER, 1977: New Harlan Ellison fiction, nine color pages by Moebius and Pornbaud, conclusions for 'Polonius' and 'World Apart' ($3.00)

#9/DECEMBER, 1977: Extra pages for the complete 'Nuzz' by Druillet. 'Fortuna's Foot' by Crepax and Wein plus full-color contributions from Corben, Macedo Clavelous, and Moebius ($3.00)

#10/JANUARY, 1978: Morrow illustrates Zelazny, Job and Pichard update Ulysses "Conquering Armies" concludes. "Den" continues. ($3.00)

#11/FEBRUARY 1978: New adventures of Barbarella, wraparound cover and center spread by Nino plus Moebius Corben et al ($3.00)

#12/MARCH, 1978: Swashbuckling 'Onyn' makes a debut, courtesy of Gray Morrow and there's more Barbarella more Jim, and yet more 'Den' ($3.00)

#13/APRIL, 1978: Our first anniversary issue! A thirty-page insert from Paradise 9 and Barbarella gives birth while Den wraps it up ($3.00)

#14/MAY, 1978: 'Urth the Mad' waves bye-bye, but 'Orion' and 'Barbarella' continue, and Alex Nino ups his hat. ($3.00)

#15/JUNE, 1978: Corben introduces Shahrazad Sturgeon's classic 'More Than Human' is illustrated more 'Barbarella' and the origins of 'Heavy Metal' ($3.00)

#16/JULY, 1978: A happy ending for 'Barbarella,' a sad ending for 1999.' the resumption of Druillet's 'Gail,' yet more 'Heavy Metal,' 'Orion,' 'More Than Human,' and Corben's 'Arabian Nights' ($3.00)

#17/AUGUST, 1978: Sorry—SOLD OUT!

#18/SEPTEMBER, 1978: Corben's 'Sindbad,' Moebius's 'Major Grubert,' 'Orion,' 'Lone Sloane on Gail' and Harlan Ellison too ($3.00)

#19/OCTOBER, 1978: 'Exterminator 17' Elson's illustrated 'Glass Goblin' the debut of McKie's 'So Beautiful and So Dangerous' plus the usual! ($3.00)

#20/NOVEMBER, 1978: Twenty pages of the Delany/Chaykin 'Empire' more 'Sindbad,' 'Exterminator' Major Grubert, Heavy Metal's final rebirth' more ($3.00)

#21/DECEMBER, 1978: The stocking's full with 'Orion,' Kirchner's Tarot, and twelve beautiful pages of Moebius ($3.00)

#22/JANUARY, 1979: Trina makes her debut here and Druillet concludes 'Gail' plus McKie and Corben 'How much can you take?' ($3.00)

#23/FEBRUARY, 1979: 'Galactic Geographic' Starstorm Corben's 'Sindbad,' McKie's 'So Beautiful and So Dangerous,' plus Moebius, Bilal, and Macedo ($3.00)

#24/MARCH, 1979: Twenty pages of Chaykin illustrating Bester's 'The Stars My Destination.' 'Starstorm II,' and Elson's fine show ($3.00)

#25/APRIL, 1979: Our second birthday bash with Chaykin and Wein's 'Gideon Faust,' the Alien portfolio and Val Mayerik's 'Time Out.' And much more ($3.00)

#26/MAY, 1979: It's all-American/concept for Druillet's 'Deep' and a Preiss novel; fifteen entries including Corben, Morrow, the illustrated 'Alien' ($3.00)

#27/JUNE, 1979: Fifty-four pages of 'Captain Future,' plus more illustrated 'Alien' and the final episode of 'So Beautiful and So Dangerous' ($3.00)

#28/JULY, 1979: Bodé's 'Zooks' premieres Corben's 'Sindbad' concludes, Morrow and Moebius continue, Mike Hinge debuts ($3.00)

#29/AUGUST, 1979: Caza steals the show with 'New York City,' plus Mayerik Suydam, Galactic Geographic, Bodé more ($3.00)

#30/SEPTEMBER, 1979: 'Elric,' 'Buck Rogers,' a lizard named Elvis and Little Red V-3, Mobgarde Montalier and Moebius ($3.00)

#31/OCTOBER, 1979: Halloween shlocks with a tribute to H.P. Lovecraft with Moebius, Druillet, Suydam, others ($3.00)

#32/NOVEMBER, 1979: Let us give thanks for Corben's 'Rowlf,' Bodé's 'Zooks,' Brunner's 'Elric,' Chaykin's 'Stars My Destination,' Moebius, and more ($3.00)

#33/DECEMBER, 1979: A Christmas package from Caza, Corben, Kolpad, Suydam, Ships, Trina Moebius, and Ellison, plus 'Gnomes' and 'Gerds' ($3.00)

#34/JANUARY, 1980: A new year—a new decade—begins with a new look for *HM* with the debut of four new columnists, new artists Neal McPheeters and Dan Steffan, the conclusion of Corben's 'Rowlf,' and much more! ($3.00)

#35/FEBRUARY, 1980: An eerie Corbalis cover adorns this winter issue. Corben's 'The Beast of Wolfton' begins, Metric Experiments with the Air Pump and we join Matt Howarth on a cracked acid trip ($3.00)

#36/MARCH, 1980: Why did The Crevasse take Jeannette? For the answer read the Schaden Bros. strip! Plus: Corben, Melena, Moebius, and Lee Marrs's 'Good Vibrations' ($3.00)

#37/APRIL, 1980: Our Third Anniversary issue—32 pages of Champagne in living color, the final installment of Moebius's 'Arkright Garage,' plus Caza, Bilal, Howarth, Corben, Bode—and more! ($3.00)

#38/MAY, 1980: Does the Supreme Alchemist exist? Will Arlis ever find out? Will Champagne reach the 'Doll of Jade'? Will Joe strike out with the Alien Marilyn, too? Take a look. We'll never tell! ($3.00)

#39/JUNE, 1980: Champagne meets no foe while Captain Stamin saves the day. And in their revenge, The Flying Wallendas vs. The Earth! ($3.00)

#40/JULY, 1980: The Alchemist Supreme continues with Arlis learning the truth about his sidekick Mushy. Bilal's 'Progress' begins, and Moebius returns with Shore Leave ($3.00)

#41/AUGUST, 1980: Druillet returns with the last installment of 'Salammbo' while Moebius concludes 'Shore Leave' (and is interviewed). Bilal continues 'Progress!' ($3.00)

#42/SEPTEMBER, 1980: 'The Alchemist Supreme' concludes while Bilal's 'Progress' picks up steam. Ernie Colon, Paul Kirchner, and Leo Dupuonois all contribute nifty shorts, while 'Rock Opera' gets stronger yet ($3.00)

#43/OCTOBER, 1980: Our Special Rock issue, packed with goodies by Mckie, Moebius, Vess, Spain, Druillet, Yeates, Ile, Howarth, Kierkegaard, Jr., Colon, and Mariena, and not to be missed! ($3.00)

#44/NOVEMBER, 1980: With the Shogun spirit ablaze, this issue's cover by Hayme Sorayama is definitely in its element. Sandwiched in between are some lovely Claveloux, Moebius, Kaluta, Springell, and Bilal. ($3.00)

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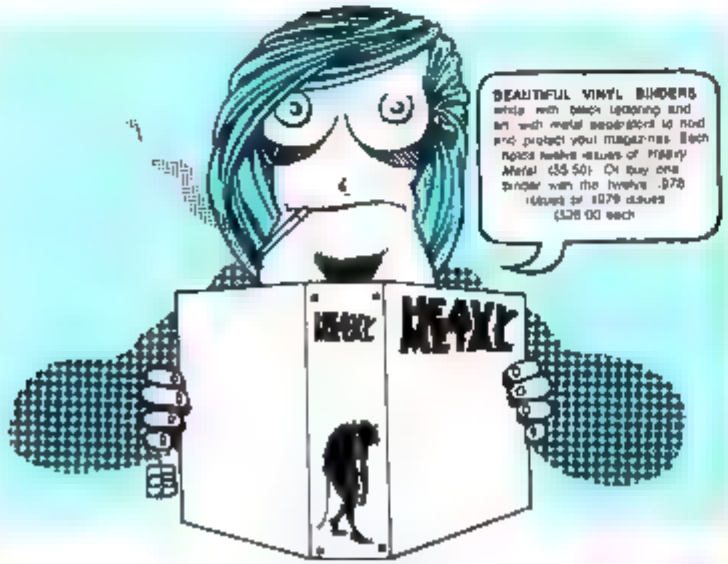
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BLAM
MISSED AGAIN! THAT DAMNED HELLHOUND KEEPS OUTRUNNING ME! BUT I'LL GET HIM FOR SURE!
MAN'S BEST FRIEND
BY DICK MAS'A

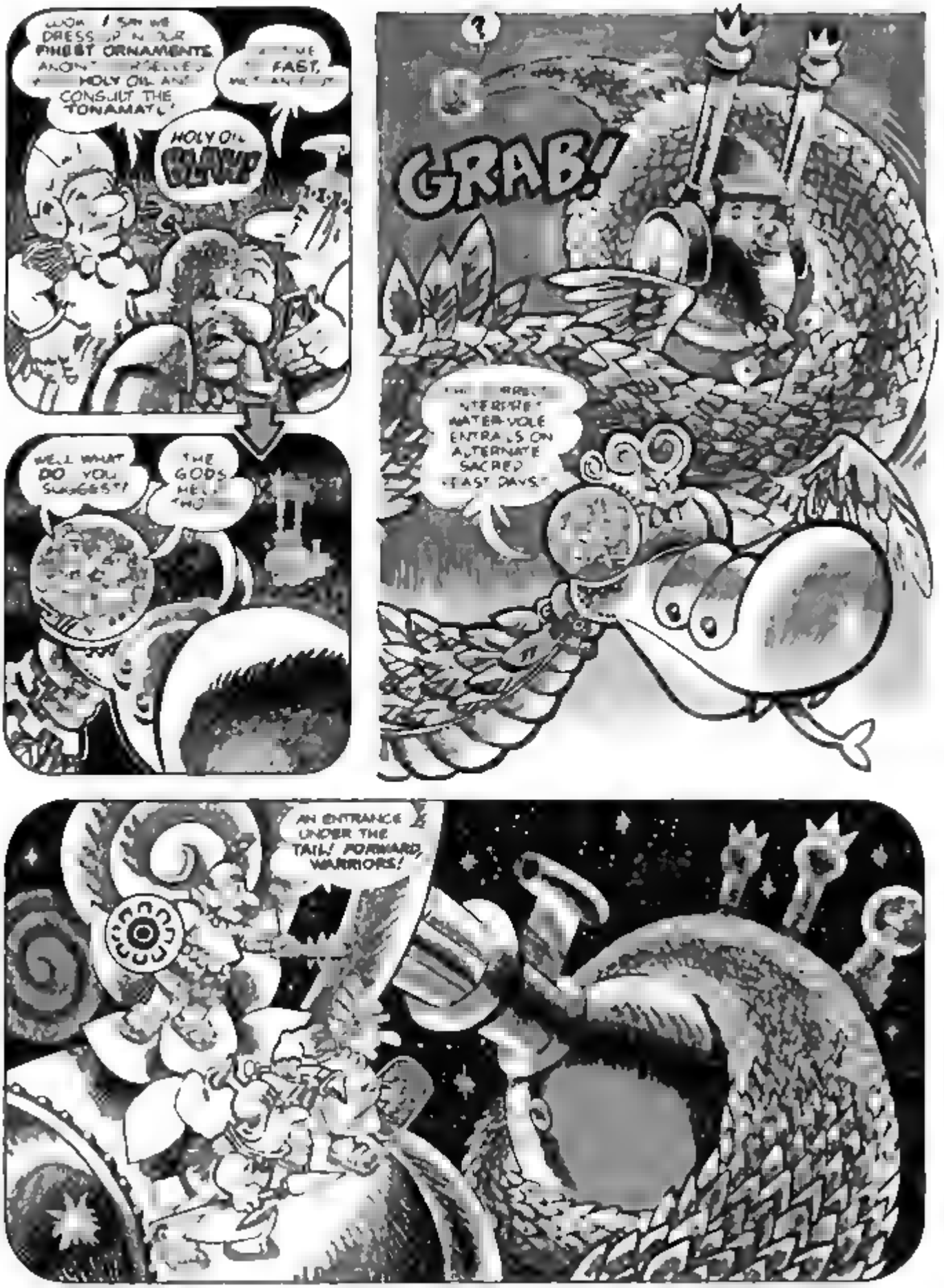
EVEN IF I HAVE TO CHASE HIM TO THE END OF THIS WORLD!
GRRRRR!
BUT DON'T WORRY I'M HERE TO PUT YOU OUT OF YOUR MISERY
WELL, CAN'T GO ANY FURTHER, BOY? STUCK IN THE MUD? THAT'S A SHAME, AIN'T IT?
BLAM
WODAN ..?
IT'S BEEN MY PLEASURE, CHAP!

I FINISHED HIM OFF JESSY!
WODAN DEAD! YOU'RE A SWINE, KRIS!
A JEALOUS SON OF A BITCH! THE DOG WAS THE ONLY ONE ON THIS DAMNED PLANET WHO CARED ABOUT ME! NOW I'M ALONE AGAIN, WHILE YOU'RE AWAY FOR MONTHS TO MAP OUT THIS GOD-FORSAKEN PLANET! I LOVED WODAN! AND HE LOVED ME!
CLACK
OUCH
YOU STILL DARE SAY IT ALOUD, DON'T YOU? YOU DIRTY SLUT

IF YOU'D KNOWN SOME OF THE EFFECTS THE ATMOSPHERE OF THIS PLANET COULD HAVE ON ORGANISMS LIKE US YOU'D HAVE BEEN MORE CAREFUL
MOMMY?
OHHH
MOMMY?
WHAT TH- ? BEAT IT, YOU FILTHY BASTARD!
AARGH MY THROAT
HAHA SERVES HIM RIGHT
FOR KILLING YOUR POOR DADDY DOESN'T IT, LITTLE PUPPY OF MINE?
MATT

THE ADVENTURES OF PROFESSOR THINTWHISTLE AND HIS INCREDIBLE AETHER FLYER

CHAPTER TEN


WOW! I SAW HE DRESSED IN OUR FINEST ORNAMENTS AND ANOINTED HIMSELF WITH HOLY OIL AND CONSULT THE TONAMATL!
HOLY O'L SLAW!
HE'LL WHAT DO YOU SUGGEST!
THE GODS HELP US!
?
GRAB!
THE GREAT WESTERN WATER-VOLE ENTRAILS ON ALTERNATE SACRED FEAST DAYS.
AN ENTRANCE UNDER THE TAIL! FORWARD, WARRIORS!

HORRORS, PROFESSOR, WE ARE INVADED BY HEATHEN!
EH?
?
BAH! LAD, I'LL DEAL WITH THESE BARBARIANS!
KLIK
PON!
BAM!
...SUCH LANGUAGE, PROFESSOR.
LAWSY!

LET US PASS, READER, FROM THIS SORDID SCENE OF VILE INFAMY TO THE SUSAN B. ANTHONY.
GRACIOUS, MISS TAPHAMMER WHAT WONDERS, WHAT WEIRD SELENOGRAPHICAL FEATURES SHALL WE OBSERVE
...JUST IMAGINE IT, A JOURNEY TO THE MOON AND THE INVESTIGATION THEREOF, BY O TAPHAMMER AND W BLONT
A THRILLING PROSPECT WINCHESTER, BUT YOU FORGET THAT PROFESSOR THINTWHISTLE AND HIS TWO COMPANIONS HAVE ALREADY VENTURED INTO THIS REGION, AND IT IS OUR PARAMOUNT DUTY TO LOCATE THEM AND OFFER HELP IF NEEDFUL!
BEFORE MR BLONT COULD MAKE REPLY, THE TRAVELERS SUDDENLY BECAME AWARE OF A MOST ASTONISHING SIGHT.
BEHOLD A MANCHESTER, A CITY! THERE WE SHALL INITIATE OUR INQUIRY AS TO THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE PROFESSOR!
WHILE IN THE PALACE OF PEACE AND JOY, QUEEN SELENA WRITHED AND PERSPIRED, THRASHING ABOUT THE MAIN CHAMBER OF THE ROYAL APARTMENT IN THE EXTREMITY OF HER DISTRESS.
AUGH!
DOCTOR RUVUMA, THE PURGATIVE HAS FAILED!
AU CONTRAIRE YOUR MAJESTY THE CRISIS IS YET TO COME! I BELIEVE OUR TREATMENT IS ABOUT TO PROVE ITSELF ENTIRELY SUCCESSFUL!
AK!
HAUGH!
HAK!
ULK!
AM YEG.
AND AT THE SAME MOMENT, WITHIN SELENA AND THE INTRA SELENATE VOID...
?

AND WITHIN THE CHESTER ALAN ARTHUR JEFFERSON AND HIS TWO PRISONERS WERE HURLED ABOUT AS COSMIC WINDS OF HURRICANE PROPORTION SHOOK THEIR CRAFT TWISTING THE VERY FABRIC OF THE INTRA SELENATE VOID!
FINALLY!
ULP!
HAVE COURAGE SELENA FOR THIS MOMENT OF TEMPORARY DISCOMFORT SHALL SPELL THE END OF ALL YOUR TROUBLES!
ULK BLORP RETCH
?
CLANK!!
YOW!
WHY, IT'S A TINY PERSON!
UH.. REVOLUTIONARY GREETINGS! IN THE NAME OF TOILERS I OFFER THESE GIFTS!
HELP!

A WONDER, CLEARLY A WONDER! WELCOME, TINY MAN, TO OUR COURT! YOUR GIFTS SHALL RESIDE IN THE LUNITE MUSEUM, AND YOU SHALL BE AN HONORED GUEST FOR AS LONG AS YOU CARE TO REMAIN!

COURSE WITH A STEADY STREAM OF ADMIRING LUNAR CITIZENS

WHILE IN THEIR GLASS CONFINEMENT PROFESSOR THINTWHISTLE RAGED AND GESTICULATED IMPOTENTLY WHILE HERKIMER GREW PETULANT.

IN THE SKY ABOVE THE PALACE THE IMPROVED AETHER FLYER SUSAN B. ANTHONY SETTLED TOWARD THE MOON'S SURFACE

DAMN!

AND AT THIS JUNCTURE WE MUST TAKE OUR LEAVE OF PROFESSOR THINTWHISTLE, HERKIMER, MISS [illegible] FURTHER RE THE STATES REACH AT [illegible] A BARGAIN

[illegible] THE BOOK OF DESTINY [illegible] TO GIVE JUSTICE TO ALL THOSE WHO [illegible] RECORD FOR YOU THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF PROFESSOR [illegible] STEAM POWERED AETHER FLYER

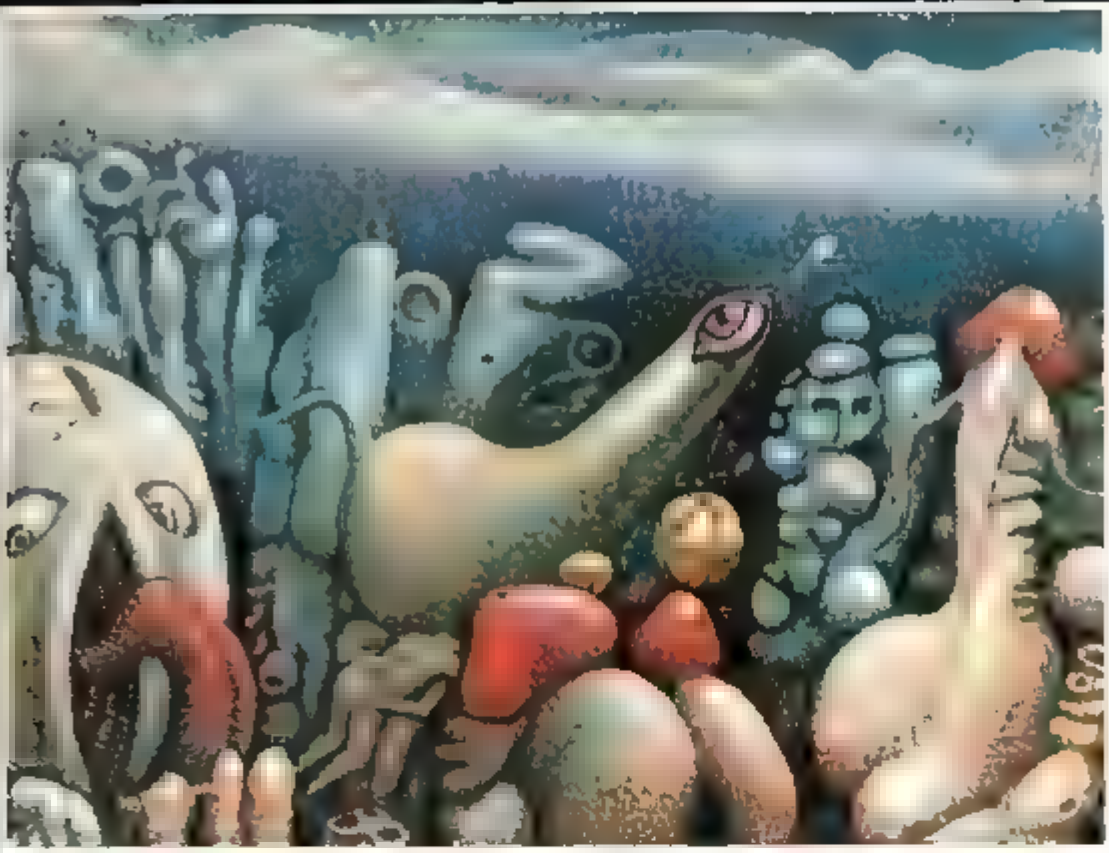
IN THE MEANTIME [illegible] ALL [illegible] A RAMPUS [illegible]

THE END

mary quite contrary

script by ted white
art by terry lindall

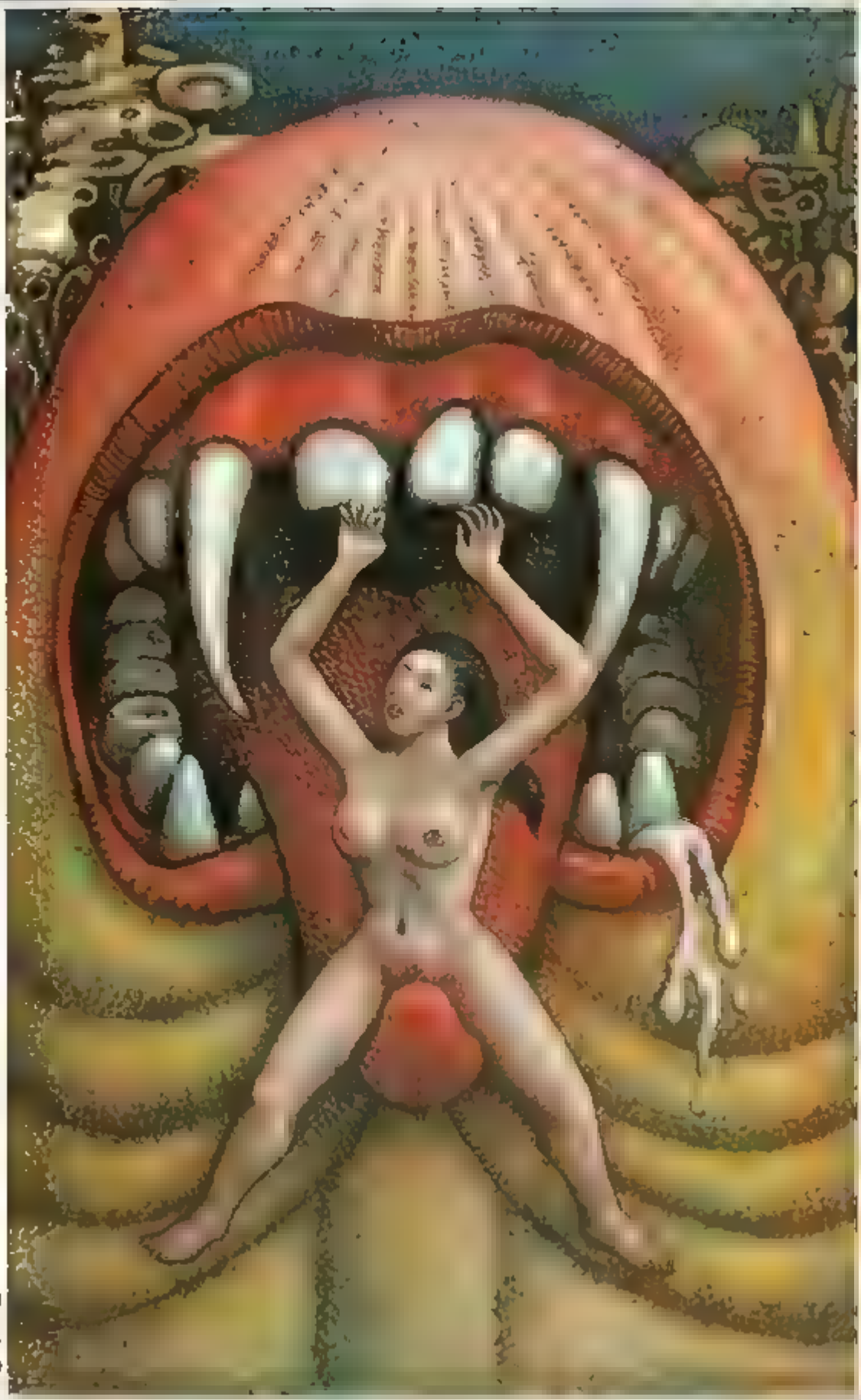
Mary was always a little confused about her sexuality but st[illegible] curious



She was at once frightened and excited by the delights of the flesh!

If only she could get what she wanted without having any demands made upon her

But the demands were there—
'Responsibility!'
Procreativity!'
Maturity!' —that last one really scared her. She didn't want to grow up or grow old. She could see the end to which that led.



She did find what she wanted but she couldn't help paying the price

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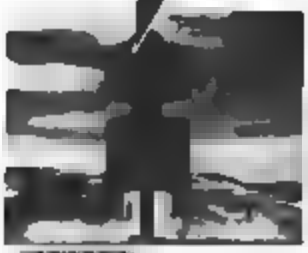

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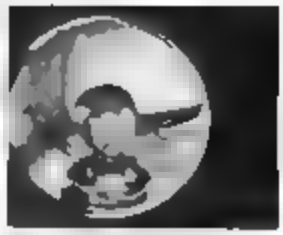

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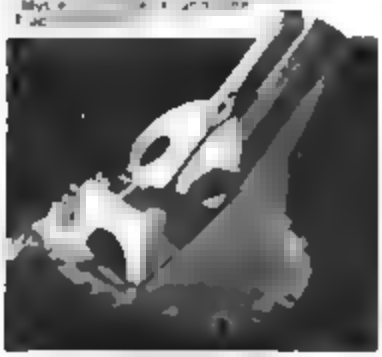

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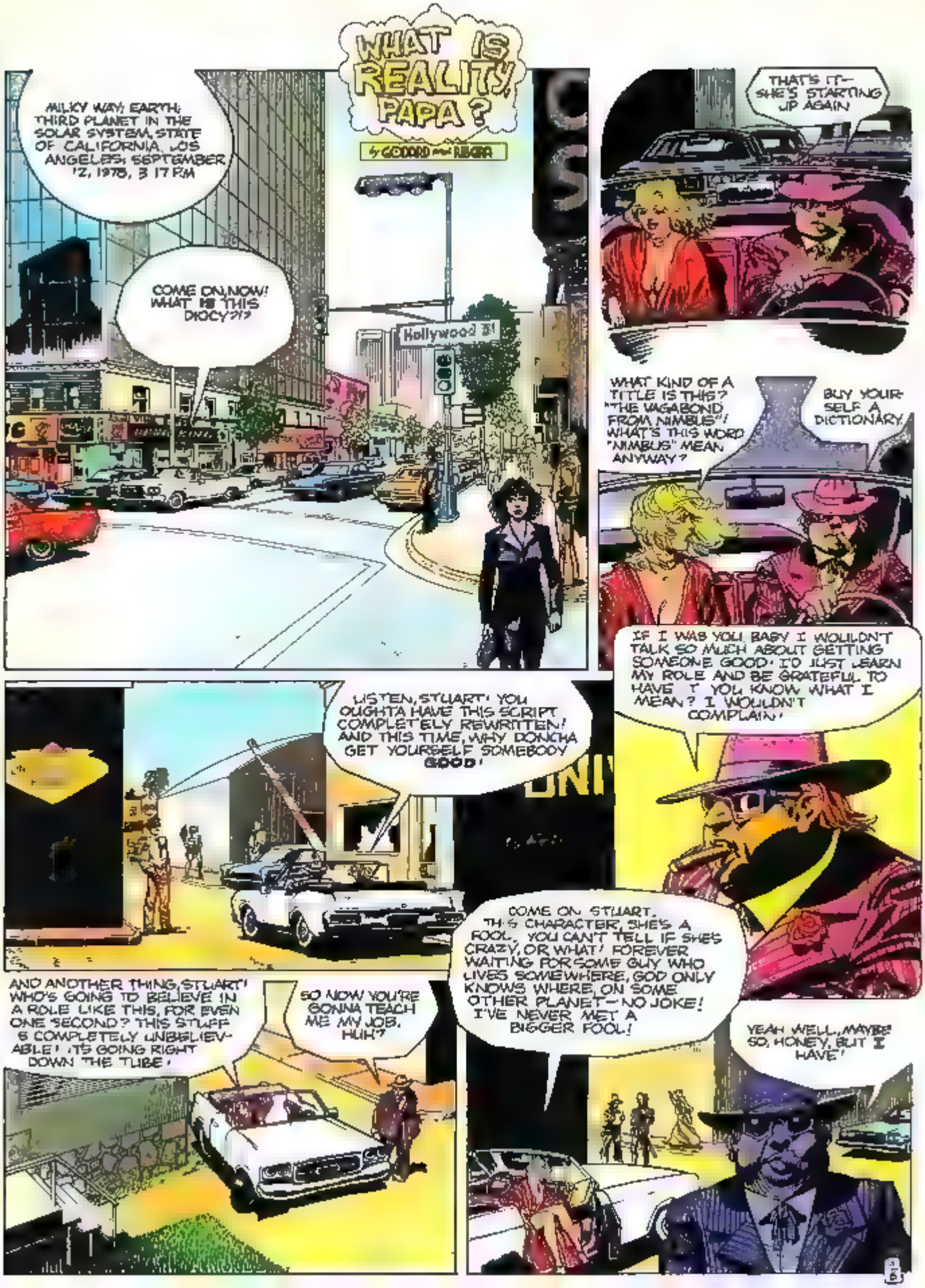
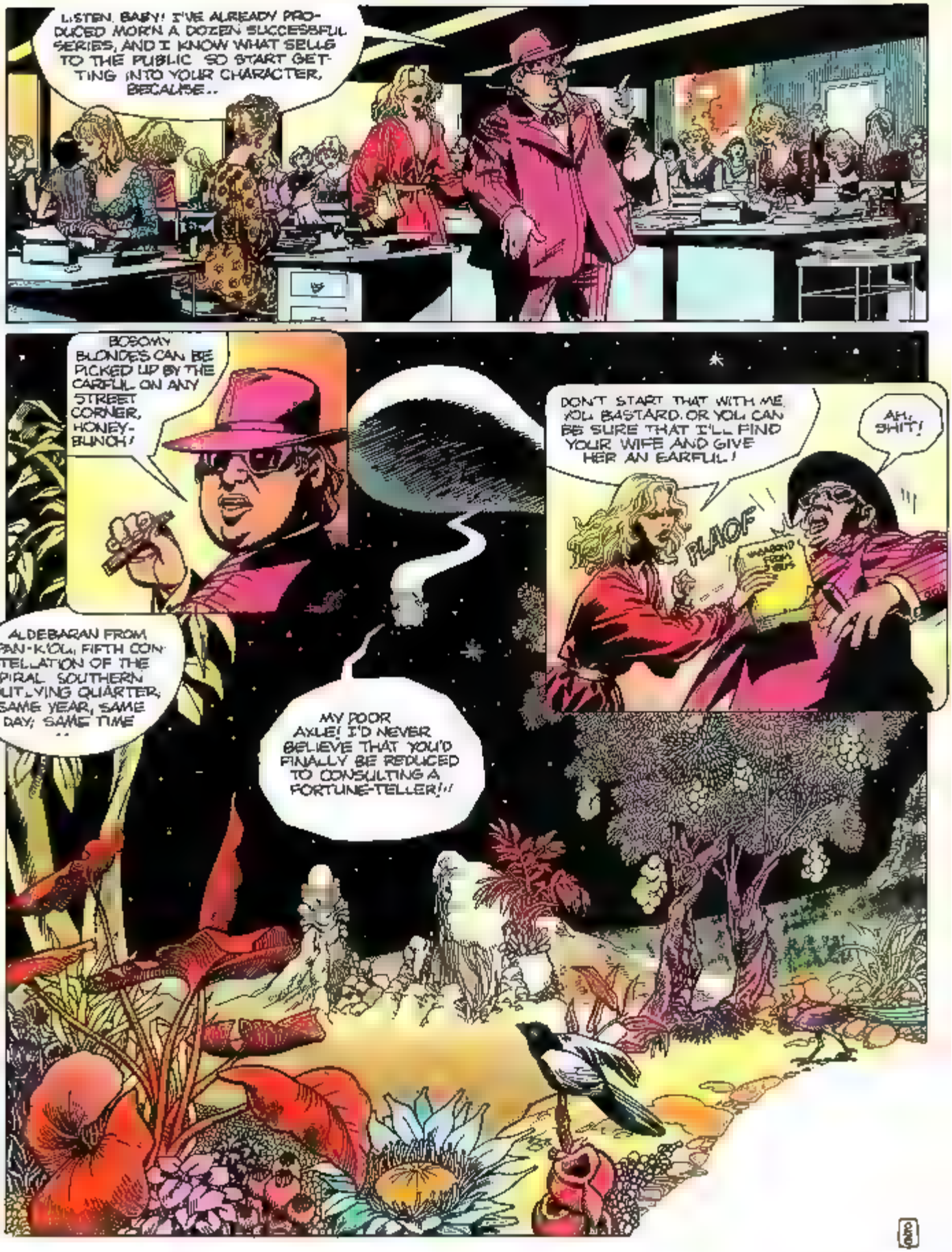

WHAT IS REALITY, PAPA?
by GODDARD and REGER
MILKY WAY; EARTH; THIRD PLANET IN THE SOLAR SYSTEM, STATE OF CALIFORNIA, LOS ANGELES; SEPTEMBER 12, 1978, 3:17 P.M.
COME ON, NOW! WHAT IS THIS DIOCY?!?
Hollywood Bl
THAT'S IT— SHE'S STARTING UP AGAIN
WHAT KIND OF A TITLE IS THIS? "THE VAGABOND FROM NIMBUS"! WHAT'S THIS WORD "NIMBUS" MEAN ANYWAY?
BUY YOURSELF A DICTIONARY.
IF I WAS YOU, BABY I WOULDN'T TALK SO MUCH ABOUT GETTING SOMEONE GOOD. I'D JUST LEARN MY ROLE AND BE GRATEFUL TO HAVE IT. YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN? I WOULDN'T COMPLAIN!
LISTEN, STUART! YOU OUGHTA HAVE THIS SCRIPT COMPLETELY REWRITTEN! AND THIS TIME, WHY DONCHA GET YOURSELF SOMEBODY GOOD!
COME ON, STUART. THIS CHARACTER, SHE'S A FOOL. YOU CAN'T TELL IF SHE'S CRAZY, OR WHAT! FOREVER WAITING FOR SOME GUY WHO LIVES SOMEWHERE, GOD ONLY KNOWS WHERE, ON SOME OTHER PLANET—NO JOKE! I'VE NEVER MET A BIGGER FOOL!
AND ANOTHER THING, STUART! WHO'S GOING TO BELIEVE IN A ROLE LIKE THIS, FOR EVEN ONE SECOND? THIS STUFF IS COMPLETELY UNBELIEVABLE! IT'S GOING RIGHT DOWN THE TUBE!
SO NOW YOU'RE GONNA TEACH ME MY JOB, HUH?
YEAH WELL, MAYBE SO, HONEY, BUT I HAVE!


LISTEN, BABY! I'VE ALREADY PRODUCED MORN A DOZEN SUCCESSFUL SERIES, AND I KNOW WHAT SELLS TO THE PUBLIC SO START GETTING INTO YOUR CHARACTER, BECAUSE...
BOSOMY BLONDES CAN BE PICKED UP BY THE CARFUL ON ANY STREET CORNER, HONEY-BUNCH!
DON'T START THAT WITH ME, YOU BASTARD. OR YOU CAN BE SURE THAT I'LL FIND YOUR WIFE AND GIVE HER AN EARFUL!
AH, SHIT!
PLAOF
ALDEBARAN FROM PAN-KOL, FIFTH CONSTELLATION OF THE SPIRAL SOUTHERN OUTLYING QUARTER, SAME YEAR, SAME DAY, SAME TIME...
MY POOR AXLE! I'D NEVER BELIEVE THAT YOU'D FINALLY BE REDUCED TO CONSULTING A FORTUNE-TELLER!!

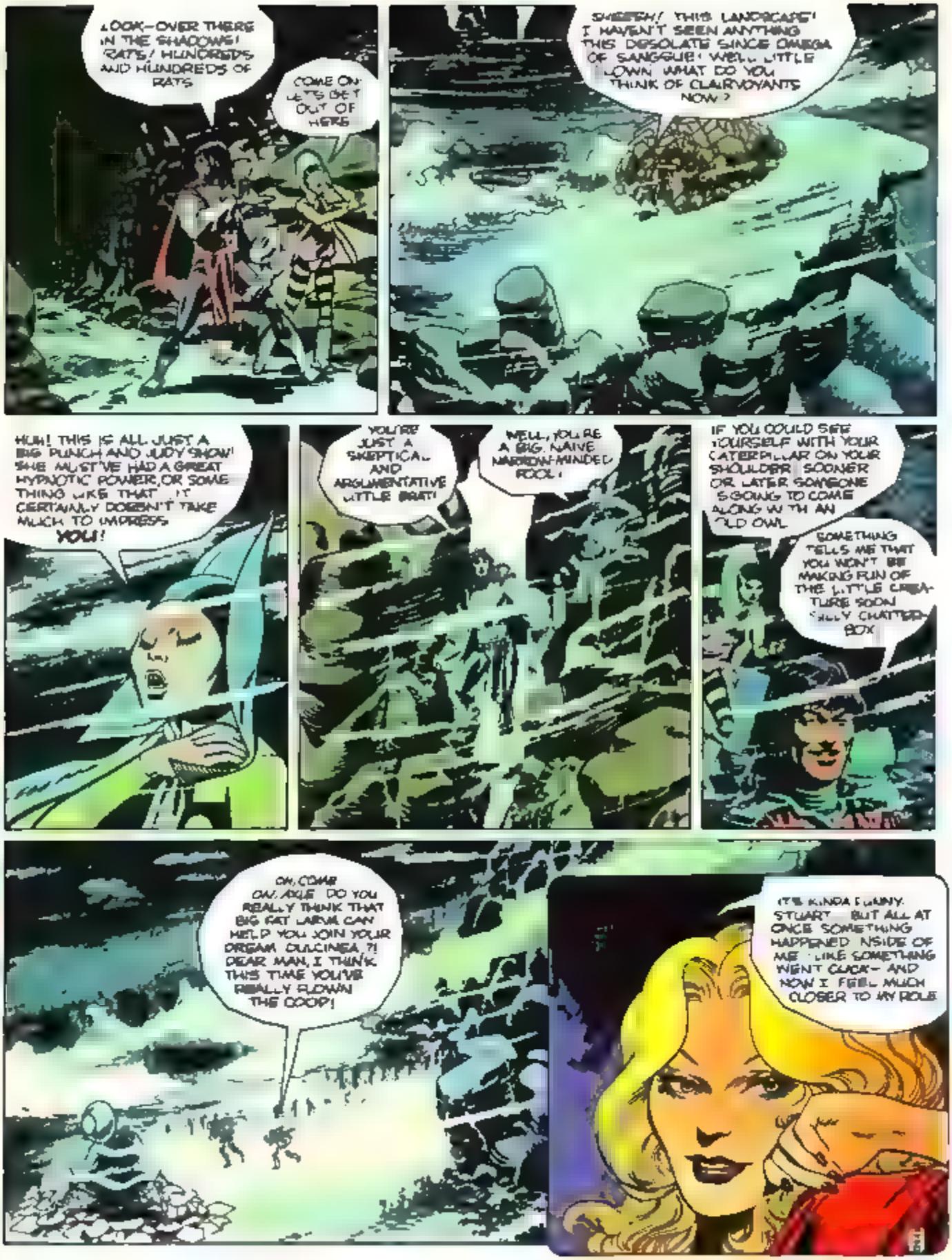
THIS IS NO FORTUNE TELLER, LITTLE CLOWN! SHE'S AN EXTRA LUCID CLAIRVOYANT!
EXTRA LUCID, MY THIRD EYE!
SHE'S IN ETHERO-TELEPATHIC CONTACT WITH THE ENTIRE UNIVERSE! AND CHIEFS OF STATE, BUSINESSMEN, MASTER CRIMINALS, AND EVEN THE ARCH POPE HIMSELF, THEY SAY, DON'T DISDAIN TO COME TO HER HERE ON HER TINY SATELLITE FOR CONSULTATIONS
HUH THE ARCH POPE IS AN OLD CRETIN WHO SLOBBERS IN HIS SLEEP AND WHOSE PANTS SMELL LIKE A CAT-BOX! I DON'T BE-LIEVE IN ALL THOSE STORIES
YOU'RE TOO SKEPTICAL THAT'S A DISEASE OF YOUTH AND ONE YOU'LL END UP OVERCOMING
WANTA BET?
WELL, THIS CLAIRVOYANT REQUIRES AS PAYMENT A SINGLE "SESAME." ALTHOUGH SHE COULD ASK ANY NUMBER, AND FOR THE PRICE OF ONE AN ENTIRE KINGDOM COULD BE ACQUIRED. WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT?
WELL, WHEN ONE WANTS TO SWINDLE PEOPLE, THE MORE VULGAR THE GUILE, THE BETTER!
MISS RAMA CLAIR-VOYANT
BY APPOINTMENT ONLY
WITH SESAME EXCLUSIVELY
WHAT ...?! BUT I DON'T CARE. I'VE BEEN VERY LUCKY. I DON'T REGRET THE EXPENSE. SHE SEEKS ONLY A SPECIFIC NUMBER OF "SESAMES" AND THIS, I UNDERSTAND, IS TO BE HER LAST ONE!
35

ENOUGH! LET'S GO NOW WE DON'T HAVE A LOT OF TIME
THE "SESAME"..
HERE IT IS.
THAT'S GOOD I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU NOW I CAN FINALLY CLOSE THE BOX
SO IT'S TRUE. WHAT THEY TOLD ME? THAT WAS THE LAST ONE?
YES. FOR ME THE CYCLE IS OVER. YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND. LET'S NOT LOSE ANY MORE TIME. CALM YOURSELF. SAY NOTHING. ARRANGE THE QUESTIONS IN YOUR MIND.
SO YOU SEEK A WOMAN ONE WHO HAUNTS YOU LIKE THE SOUNDS OF THE SEA IN A CONCH SHELL. WHO YOU KNOW EXISTS SOMEWHERE IN THE COSMOS BUT WHOM YOU'VE NEVER MET EXCEPT IN YOUR DREAMS
HMMPH! A TYPICAL TRICK OF TELEPATHY. THE SORT OF THING ANY TRAVELING CARNIVAL COULD PROVIDE
LISTEN ONLY TO ME. HER NAME THROBS AGAINST MY TEMPLES LIKE A PERMANENT FEVER. SHE'S CALLED CHIMERE.

BE QUIET! LET ME LISTEN!
CONCENTRATE, YOU MINDLESS BIMBO! TRY TO IMAGINE YOURSELF AS THIS GIRL! PUT YOURSELF IN HER PLACE, YOU IDIOT! MAKE YOURSELF CHIMEER
OKAY, OKAY! I AM CHIMEER!!
I HEAR HER!
GOOD! THAT'S A START! TRY IT AGAIN! GO ON, READ A FEW LINES, GET INTO IT A LITTLE MORE...
AXLELLL, I LOVE YOUUU I'M WAITING FOR YOU..
OH, MY GOD
I'VE GOT HER NOW... SHE SAYS THAT SHE LOVES YOU AND THAT SHE'S WAITING FOR YOU!
I KNEW IT! I'VE KNOWN IT ALWAYS! I BEG OF YOU, PLEASE TRY TO LOCATE HER!
WHOUFF
BE ASSURED! IN ONLY A MOMENT YOU'LL FINALLY KNOW!
OH, VERY GOOD! A LOVELY READING. I'M REALLY IMPRESSED! AND FOR THE ENCORE...

SHE IS HERE, AT THIS PRECISE POINT IN SPACE AND TIME. HERE ARE THE EXACT COORDINATES. WILL YOUR VESSEL BE ABLE TO PERFORM SUCH A JOURNEY?
I DON'T KNOW. IT'S A LIVING ENIGMA TO ME BUT I WILL ASK IT. MY FATHER BUILT IT AND GAVE IT TO ME BEFORE HE DIED. I CAN DO SO MUCH. I STILL DON'T KNOW ITS CAPABILITIES.
ALL THOSE WHO WANT TO IMPOSE THEIR WILL ON REALITY HAVE ONE SUCH ON THEIR KNEES, IN THEIR STOMACH, OR IN THEIR HEAD. ONE IS CRIPPLED WITHOUT IT. ITS POWERS EQUAL ANYTHING YOU CAN IMAGINE...
AND HOW DO I GAIN ITS SUPPORT?
NOTHING IS REQUIRED. JUST NOURISH IT WITH YOUR BLOOD.
BLEUH!
THEN TAKE THIS. I CAN'T WAIT FOR ANYONE ELSE ANY LONGER. I NO LONGER NEED IT. I HAVE NOTHING LEFT TO ASK OF IT AND IT'S WEARING ITSELF OUT ON MY SHOULDER.
ARE YOU SAYING THAT THIS SLUGLIKE THING WILL MAKE IT POSSIBLE FOR HIM TO FIND HIS PHANTOM LOVER, WHOSE VERY EXISTENCE I REALLY DOUBT?
ABSOLUTELY!
AT THIS VERY MOMENT I HEAR THAT PERSON MURMURING HIS NAME
AXELUUUUU.. AXELUUUUU OH, COME ON STUART, HONEY CAN'T YOU COME UP WITH A BETTER NAME FOR THIS GUY? AXELUU-LUU. THAT'S REALLY HARD TO SAY!
NOT "AXELUU LUU," YOU NITWIT! AXLE! LIKE AXLE.
WHAT AM I DOING? .. MAYBE GET RID OF HER? JUST HOW MUCH WILL SHE LOUSE ME UP ON THIS?

I DON'T THINK YOU SHOULD TRUST IT, AXLE. THAT SORT OF CREATURE DOESN'T GIVE ME MUCH CONFIDENCE. THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THIS WHICH WELL... WHAT IF IT GIVES YOU SOME FILTHY DISEASE?
DON'T WORRY. I'VE BEEN VACCINATED AGAINST EVERYTHING POSSIBLE OR IMAGINABLE.
EXCEPT ONE THING - FOOLISH-NESS!
ICHRAVAKK
OH! HOW AWFUL. AT THE VERY MOMENT THAT THE CATERPILLAR WENT FROM HER ARM TO YOURS, EVERYTHING EVERYTHING
EVERYTHING RIPPED APART LIKE A VEIL BEFORE OUR EYES
SHE IS DEAD! INCREDIBLY OLD, COMPLETELY USED UP. WITHERED LIKE DRY WOOD. HER TASKS ARE FINISHED!


LOOK—OVER THERE IN THE SHADOWS! RATS! HUNDREDS AND HUNDREDS OF RATS
COME ON! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE
SHEESH! THIS LANDSCAPE! I HAVEN'T SEEN ANYTHING THIS DESOLATE SINCE OMEGA OF SANGGUE! WELL, LITTLE LOWN, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF CLAIRVOYANTS NOW?
HUH! THIS IS ALL JUST A BIG PUNCH AND JUDY SHOW! SHE MUST'VE HAD A GREAT HYPNOTIC POWER, OR SOME THING LIKE THAT... IT CERTAINLY DOESN'T TAKE MUCH TO IMPRESS YOU!
YOU'RE JUST A SKEPTICAL AND ARGUMENTATIVE LITTLE BRAT!
WELL, YOU'RE A BIG, NAIVE NARROW-MINDED FOOL!
IF YOU COULD SEE YOURSELF WITH YOUR CATERPILLAR ON YOUR SHOULDER SOONER OR LATER SOMEONE'S GOING TO COME ALONG WITH AN OLD OWL
SOMETHING TELLS ME THAT YOU WON'T BE MAKING FUN OF THE LITTLE CREATURE SOON, SILLY CHATTER-BOX
OH, COME ON, ADLE DO YOU REALLY THINK THAT BIG FAT LARVA CAN HELP YOU JOIN YOUR DREAM DULCINEA?! DEAR MAN, I THINK THIS TIME YOU'VE REALLY FLOWN THE COOP!
IT'S KINDA FUNNY, STUART... BUT ALL AT ONCE SOMETHING HAPPENED INSIDE OF ME... LIKE SOMETHING WENT CLICK— AND NOW I FEEL MUCH CLOSER TO MY ROLE

TO BE CONTINUED...

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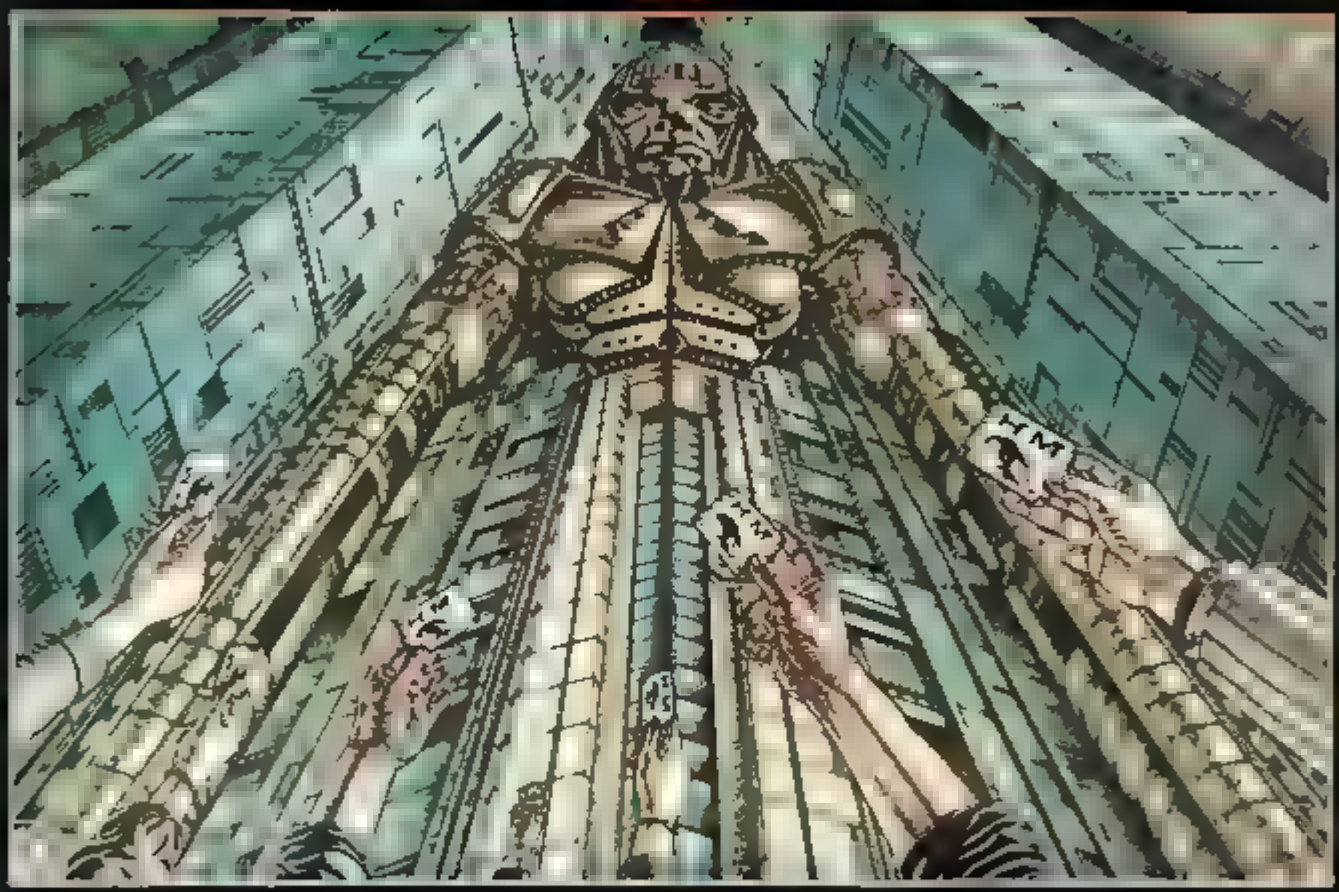

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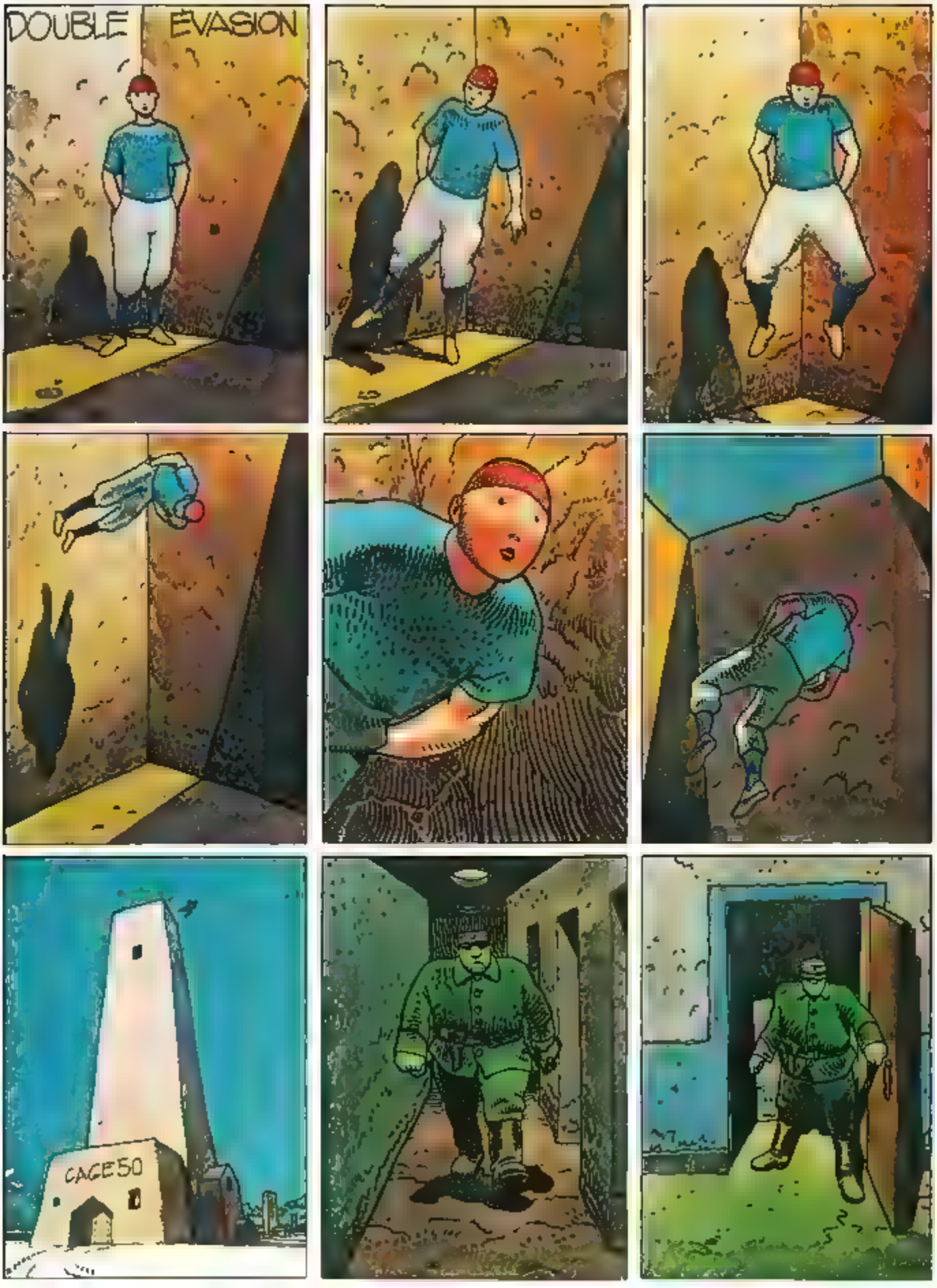
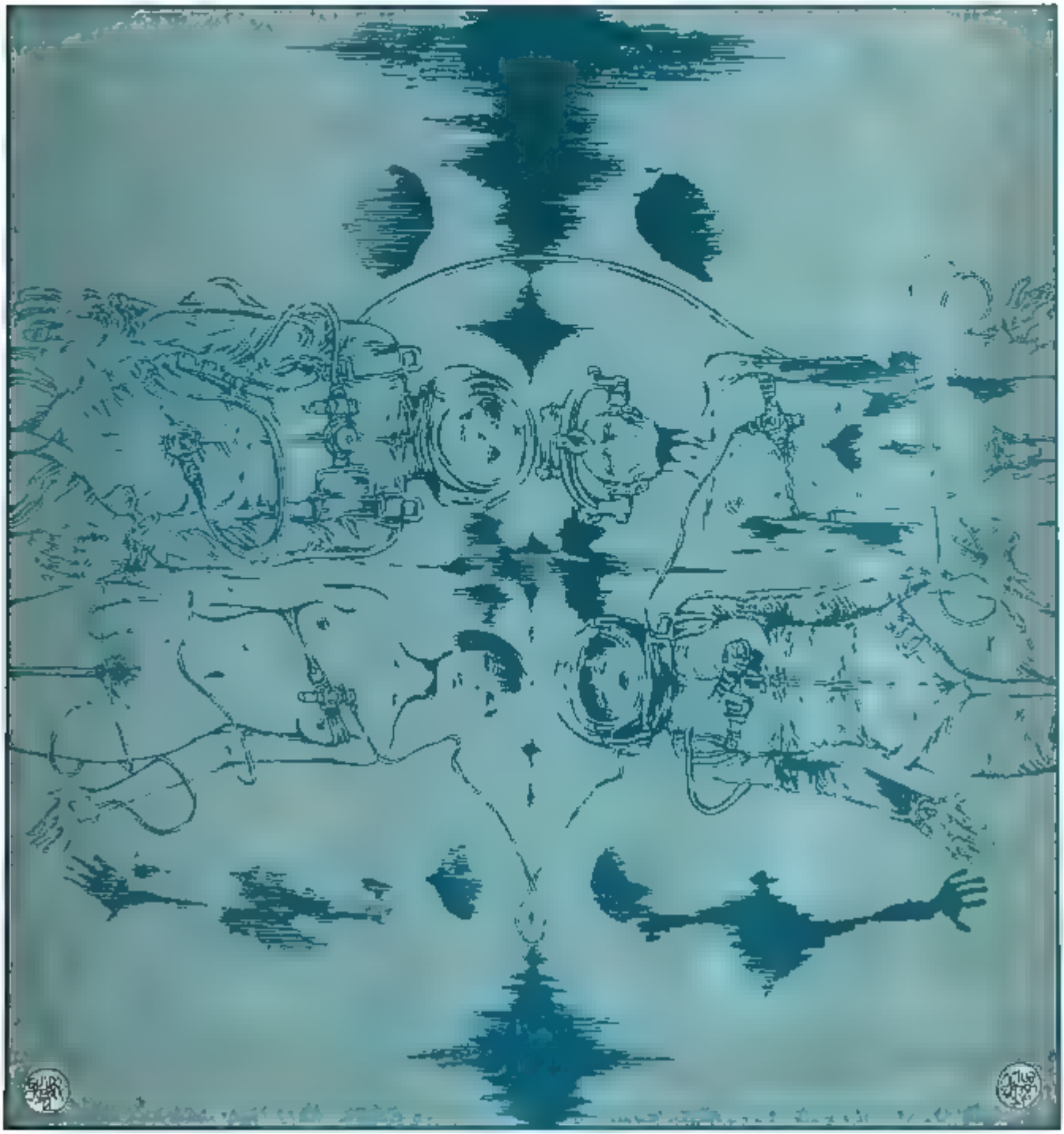
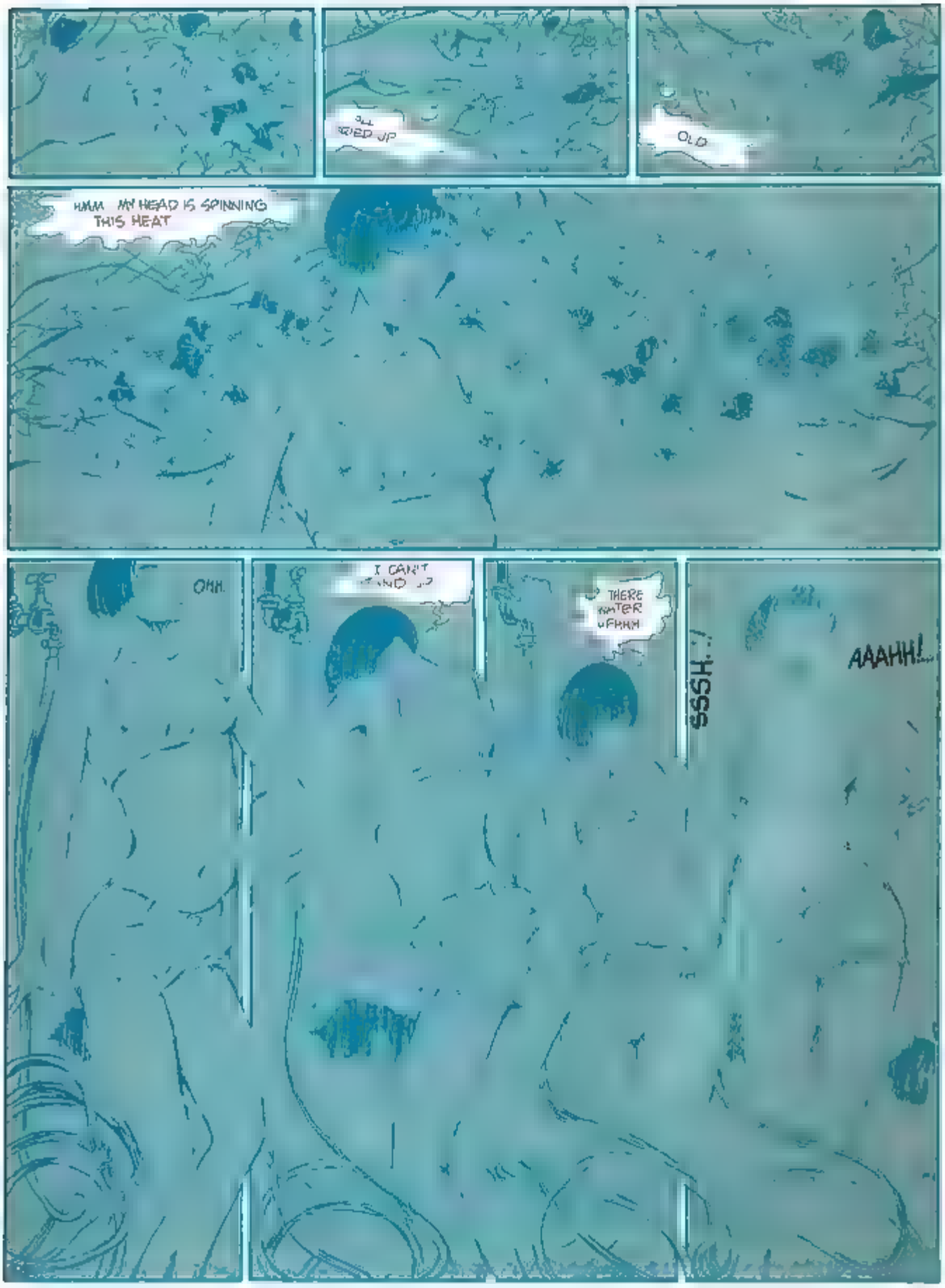

DOUBLE EVASION
CAGE 50

PAN!
FIN

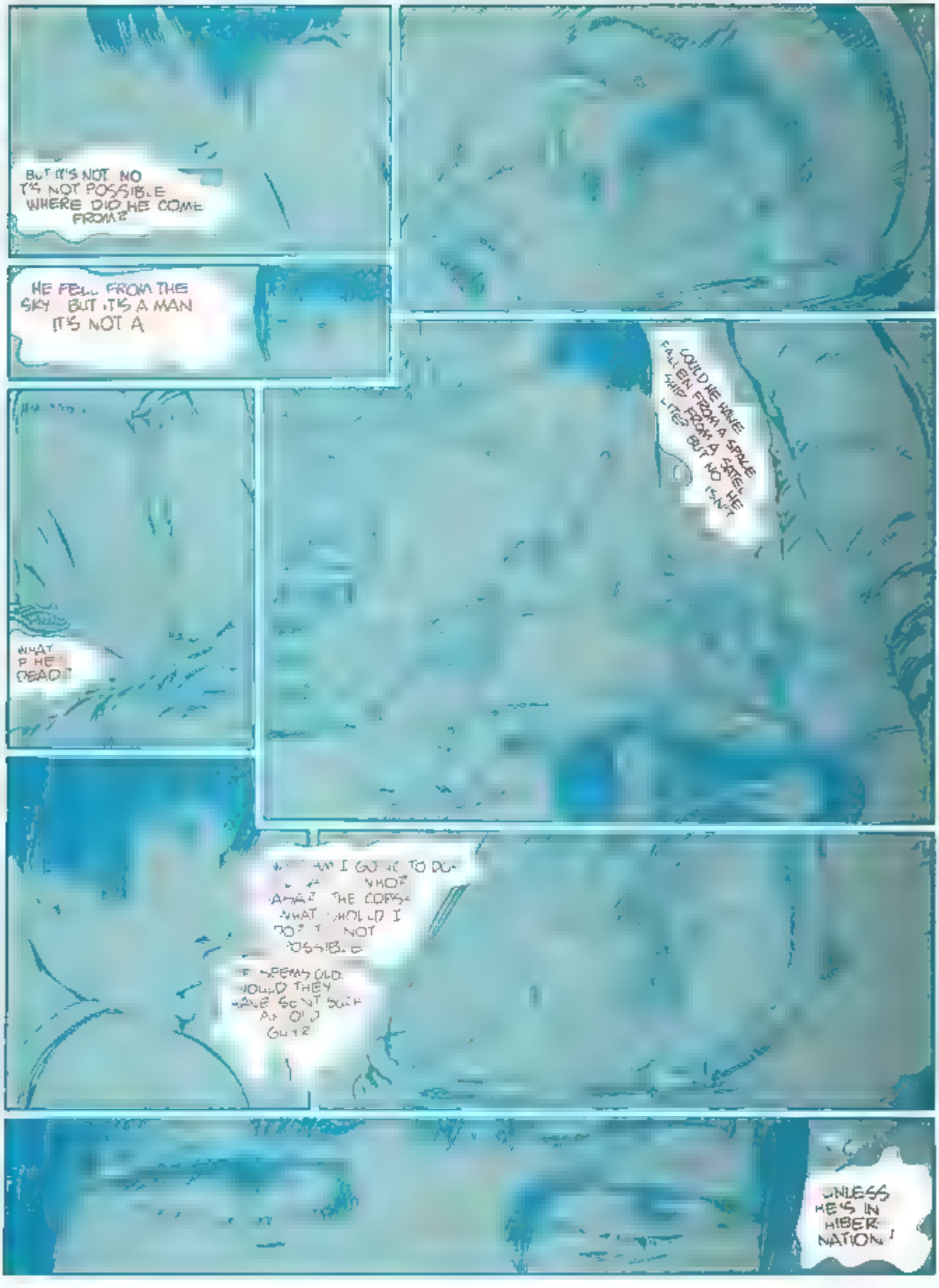
valentina in REFLECTION



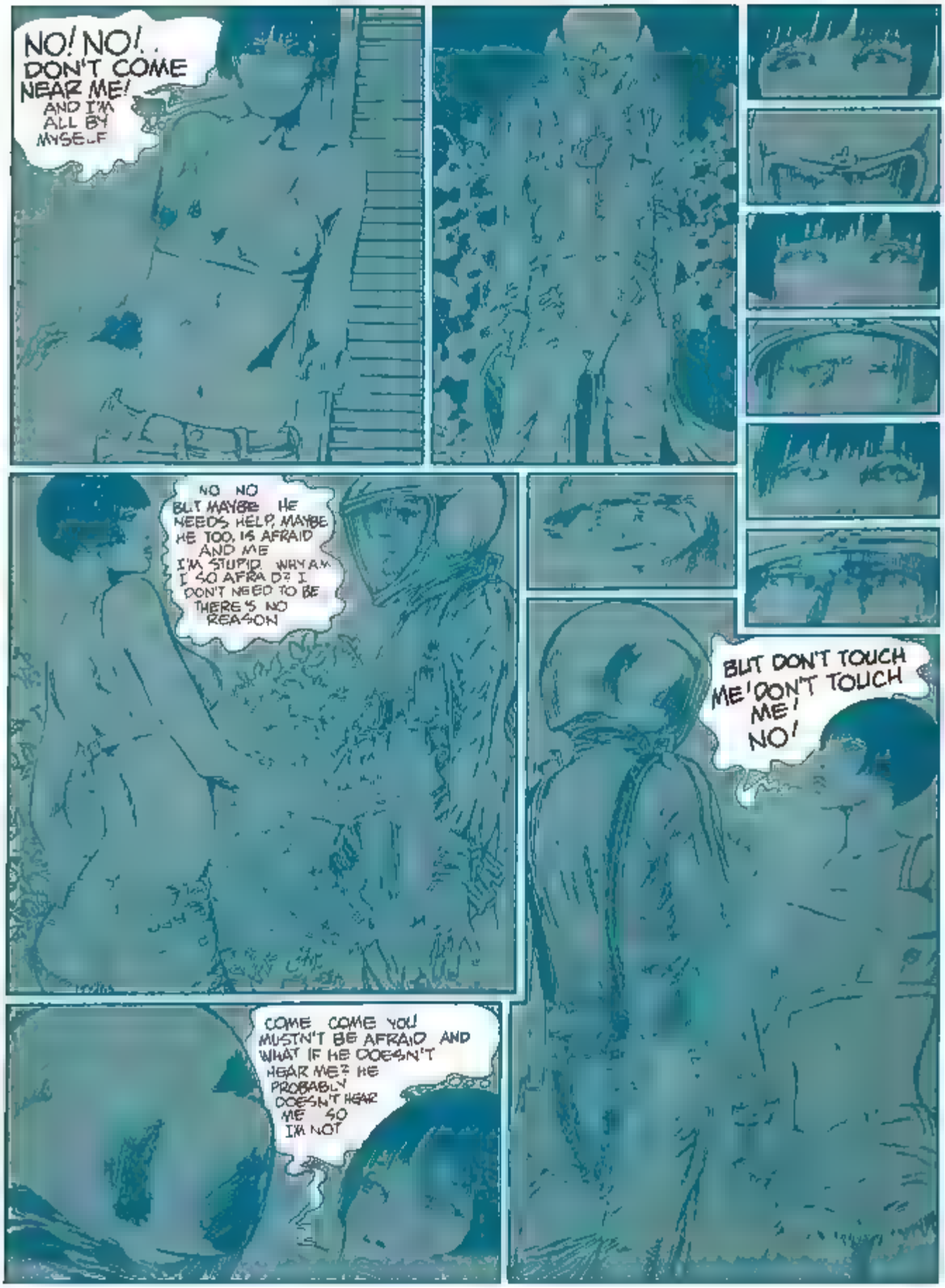
IT'S NOT VERY LATE AH YES THE PLANTS
I WONDER WHAT MAT S LONG I LL ER THERE ONCE HE M OUT SE EEP G
THEN I'LL GO TO SLEEP ONCE AND FOR A IF I CAN

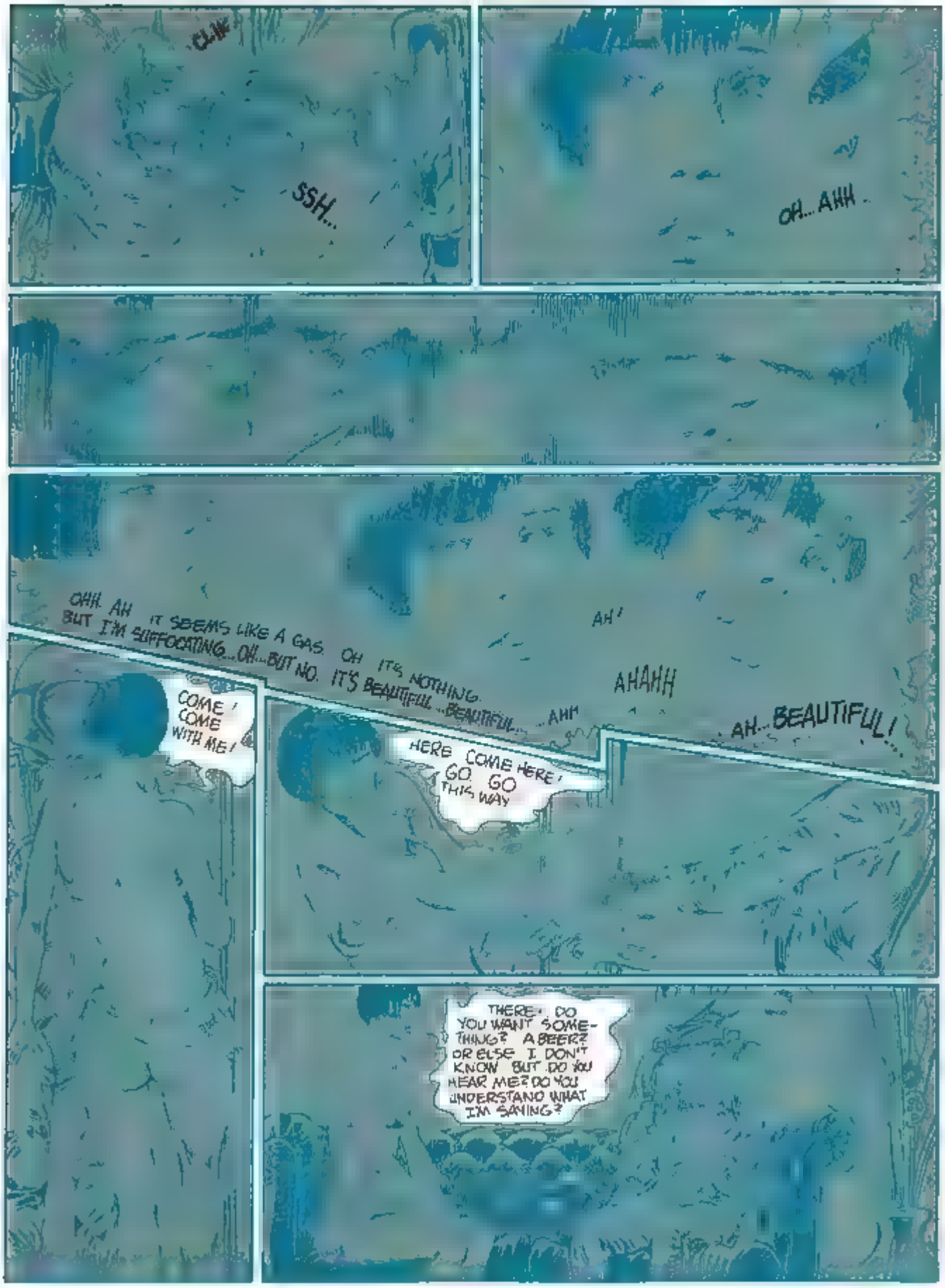

ALL DRIED UP
OLD
HMM MY HEAD IS SPINNING THIS HEAT
OHH.
I CAN'T FIND IT
THERE WATER UFHHH
SSSH..!
AAAHH!...

DOG DAYS
SINCE THE FIRST OF JUNE
ANNA PAOLA WHAT A PHENOMENON WITH HER BRATTY KIDS SHE WANTED TO KEEP MATTIA ANOTHER WEEK
SSSHH!
WE I WAS IN VENICE BOY I HAD A GREAT TIME
I HAVE THINGS TO DO
HM WHAT IN FACT?
SSSH...
OH YES THE AD AGENCY
AND PHILIP WHAT AN EGOTIST HE IS I CAME BACK FRIDAY
AND HE LEFT SAYING HMM LEFT NO TIME FOR US TO BE TOGETHER WHAT A BASTARD
OHHH!
LIKE THE OTHER TIME WITH BRUNO IN THE CAR
BUT IT'S ONE WOULD SAY
SSHH!

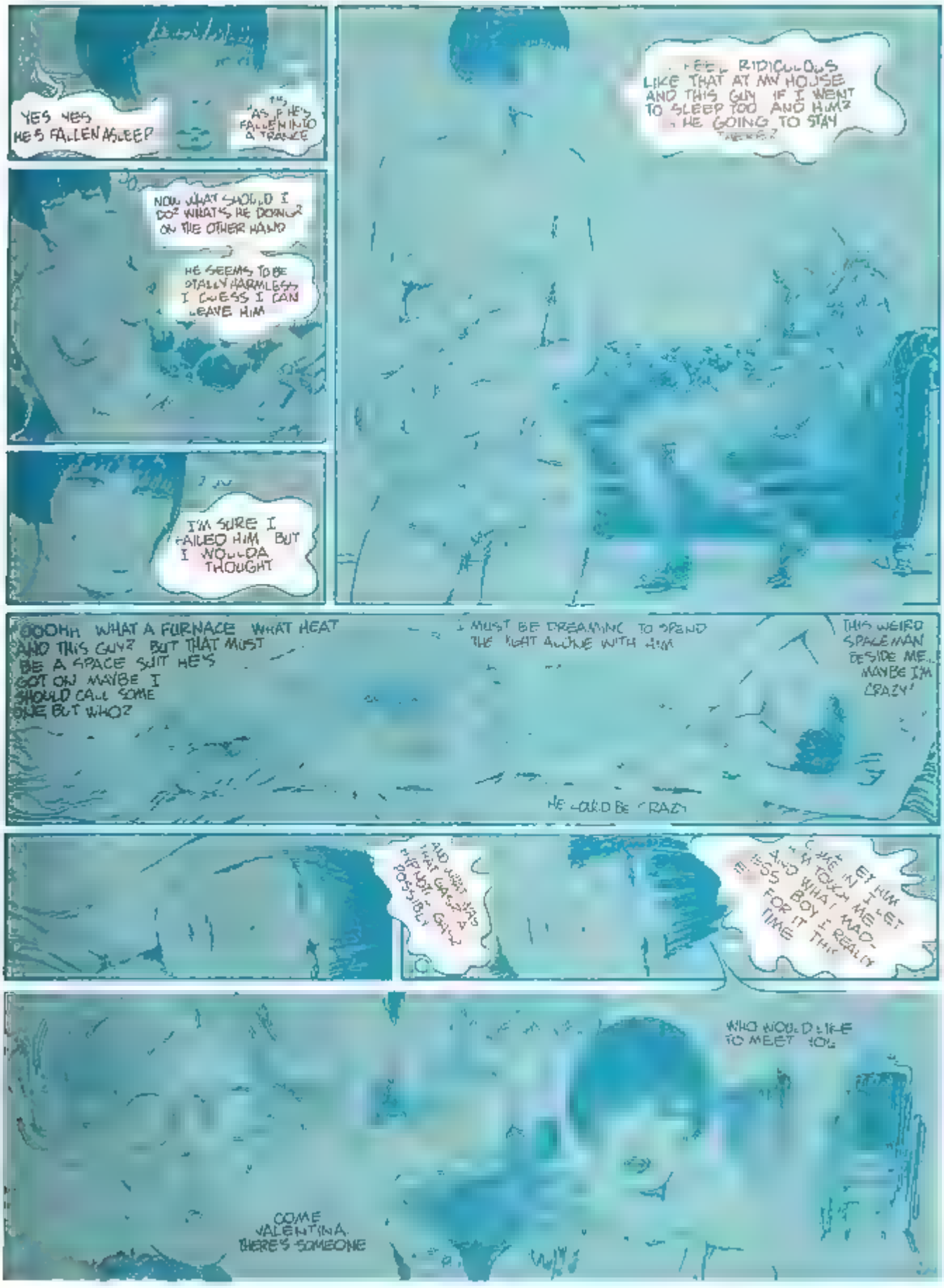

BUT IT'S NOT. NO IT'S NOT POSSIBLE WHERE DID HE COME FROM?
HE FELL FROM THE SKY BUT IT'S A MAN IT'S NOT A
COULD HE HAVE FALLEN FROM A SPACE SHIP FROM A SATELLITE? BUT NO HE ISN'T
WHAT IF HE DEAD
WHAT AM I GOING TO DO WITH THE CORPSE WHAT SHOULD I DO? IT NOT POSSIBLE
IF HE SEEMS OLD. WOULD THEY HAVE SENT SUCH AN OLD GUY?
UNLESS HE'S IN HIBERNATION!

BUT THEN HE WOULD HAVE LEFT YEARS AGO. AND SPACE FLIGHTS HAVEN'T EXISTED FOR SUCH A LONG TIME AND EVEN OR MAYBE A SECRET LAUNCHING. NO NO NO
AND IF IF HE MOVES? IF HE ISN'T DEAD. .
OHHHH!!!
MY GOD. MY GOD. IT'S NOT A MAN! THAT IS TO SAY, HE IS, BUT FROM WHERE?


NO! NO!.. DON'T COME NEAR ME! AND I'M ALL BY MYSELF
NO NO BUT MAYBE HE NEEDS HELP, MAYBE HE TOO, IS AFRAID AND ME I'M STUPID WHY AM I SO AFRAID? I DON'T NEED TO BE THERE'S NO REASON
BUT DON'T TOUCH ME! DON'T TOUCH ME! NO!
COME COME YOU MUSTN'T BE AFRAID AND WHAT IF HE DOESN'T HEAR ME? HE PROBABLY DOESN'T HEAR ME SO I'M NOT


SSH...
OH... AHH
OHH. AH IT SEEMS LIKE A GAS. OH IT'S NOTHING. BUT I'M SUFFOCATING... OH... BUT NO. IT'S BEAUTIFUL... BEAUTIFUL... AHH
AH!
AHAHH
AH... BEAUTIFUL!
COME! COME WITH ME!
HERE COME HERE! GO. GO THIS WAY
THERE! DO YOU WANT SOMETHING? A BEER? OR ELSE I DON'T KNOW BUT DO YOU HEAR ME? DO YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT I'M SAYING?

AH.
AHHH
OH, OOH, WHAT IS


YES YES HE'S FALLEN ASLEEP
IT'S AS IF HE'S FALLEN INTO A TRANCE
NOW WHAT SHOULD I DO? WHAT'S HE DOING? ON THE OTHER HAND
HE SEEMS TO BE TOTALLY HARMLESS I GUESS I CAN LEAVE HIM
I'M SURE I FAILED HIM BUT I WOULDA THOUGHT
I FEEL RIDICULOUS LIKE THAT AT MY HOUSE AND THIS GUY IF I WENT TO SLEEP TOO AND HIM? HE GOING TO STAY THERE?
OOOHH WHAT A FURNACE WHAT HEAT AND THIS GUY? BUT THAT MUST BE A SPACE SUIT HE'S GOT ON MAYBE I SHOULD CALL SOME ONE BUT WHO?
I MUST BE DREAMING TO SPEND THE NIGHT ALONE WITH HIM
THIS WEIRD SPACEMAN BESIDE ME... MAYBE I'M CRAZY!
HE COULD BE CRAZY
AND WHAT WAS THAT GAS? A HYPNOTIC GAS? POSSIBLY
COME IN HIM LET HIM TOUCH ME AND WHAT I MAD- ESS BOY I REALLY FOR IT THIS TIME
WHO WOULD LIKE TO MEET YOU
COME VALENTINA THERE'S SOMEONE

TO BE CONTINUED

HEAVY METAL INTERVIEW:

GUIDO CREPAX

Behind every successful woman there is a man and I had the good fortune of meeting Valentina's originator this past spring while visiting Milan. Guido Crepax, probably most famous for his illustrated Story of O, *and I discussed politics and sex art and sex, and sex and sex. The following is the transcription of our brief encounter.*

D.K.B.

D.K.B. How did you start drawing comic strips?

G.C. I started in 1965. Before that I did publicity and advertisements as well as record covers—classical, jazz, and popular music. Then my friends started the magazine *Linus* [a comic-strip magazine that reprints "Peanuts," Bretecher, etc.] and they wanted some Italian work, so they asked me to draw a strip. It was really by accident.

D.K.B. And now you prefer drawing comic strips?

G.C. Yes. I like writing and drawing, even if advertising pays more. I also started doing illustrations of other people's books, for example *The Story of O* and *Justine* of De Sade. I was very faithful to those books and didn't add anything of my own, which is why I prefer to do the whole story myself. I really enjoy working alone, in this room.

D.K.B. And how does SF fit into your work?

G.C. Well, "Valentina," which just began in *HM*, is in some ways science fiction, but it's mostly real. There is some fantasy in all of my stories, but it's not all one thing or the other.

D.K.B. And what are some of the other books that you'd like to illustrate?

G.C. I did *Emmanuelle* all last year and I'm a little tired—not only of working on someone else's story, but on long pieces. At any rate, I'd like to illustrate *The Story of Eye* by Bataille [a French author], which is much different from *The Story of O*—better written, stronger, erotic and less commercial, not like *Emmanuelle*. In fact, Grove Press published *Story of O* in the U.S. and I hope they publish *Emmanuelle*, but unfortunately I'm not that well known in America.

D.K.B. Maybe because in the U.S. erotic comic strips have not been that successful.

G.C. Maybe. I really don't know. Valentina is not just erotic, though.

D.K.B. Do you think use of color in comic strips is not as erotic as simple black and white?

G.C. I've done some color, for example in my latest book, *Valentina Pirata*, but generally I prefer black and white.

D.K.B. Wolinski, the French illustrator, said you draw the best ass of any comic-strip artist.

G.C. *[laughter]* Yes, he did say that.

D.K.B. And what is the most erotic part of the body for you?

G.C. Of course, it's that.

D.K.B. Do you think eroticism is learned or instinctive?

G.C. Instinctive.

D.K.B. But if, for example, a young girl were to look at pictures of men naked instead of naked women, as in *Playboy*, do you think what would be erotic for her would be different from what is erotic for most women of today, and even men who are used to seeing only the female body as erotic?

G.C. I think there is definitely an influence by the society. For example, homosexuality was repressed in society for a long time. Now people talk about it, there are books, et cetera, and this might make more men think about homosexuality than before. But for a man to really *become* a homosexual, there has to be some kind of disposition for it beforehand. It probably depends a lot on education, and everyone is different, but I don't think you can say that such-and-such a person will never have a homosexual relationship.

D.K.B. Do you think that a man's body is just as sensual as a woman's?

G.C. Yes, I think so. But frankly, I think that's an obvious question which everyone asks me because I primarily draw nude women.

D.K.B. So you could draw a comic strip like "Valentina" and have a male hero instead?

G.C. Well, there is the big problem of censorship, which is one reason why I don't draw nude men, because a lot less is permitted. Before, there were a lot of feminists who said I drew women like objects, but for me that's not true. I am feminist in that I do think that all men and women should have the same rights and I therefore do see men also as objects. A nude woman is an object, but a nude man can also be an object, for me there's no difference. Feminists think that a drawing of a nude female depreciates women, and I don't.

D.K.B. But don't you think that seeing Valentina tied up without being able to do anything against men is degrading to women?

G.C. No, I don't think so. From a point of view of eroticism, it's the atmosphere, the situation, which gives the scene its eroticism, and not the naked man or woman. There are a lot of negative things in sex, for example, the exploitation of sex—women who are forced to prostitute [themselves]—which is horrible. But in my work I research to find scenes that are erotic. It's a question of liberty of choice.

D.K.B. What's the difference between sex and violence?

G.C. Unfortunately, a lot of times sex and violence are tied together (pun not intended), but for me personally, I hate violence. Any kind of violence—I'm a socialist, for a human society, and I abhor, for example, political violence. But it's very difficult to separate sex and violence.

D.K.B. In life or in art?

G.C. In life definitely, and in art as well because it represents life. In *Story of O*, for example, there's sadomasochism and the woman is often raped, but sadism is a thing that exists, something that one can't deny. But I don't like violence—I wouldn't hurt anyone. Personally, I think that eroticism can occur only when two people are in agreement with each other.

D.K.B. But Valentina is not always in agreement with what men do to her.

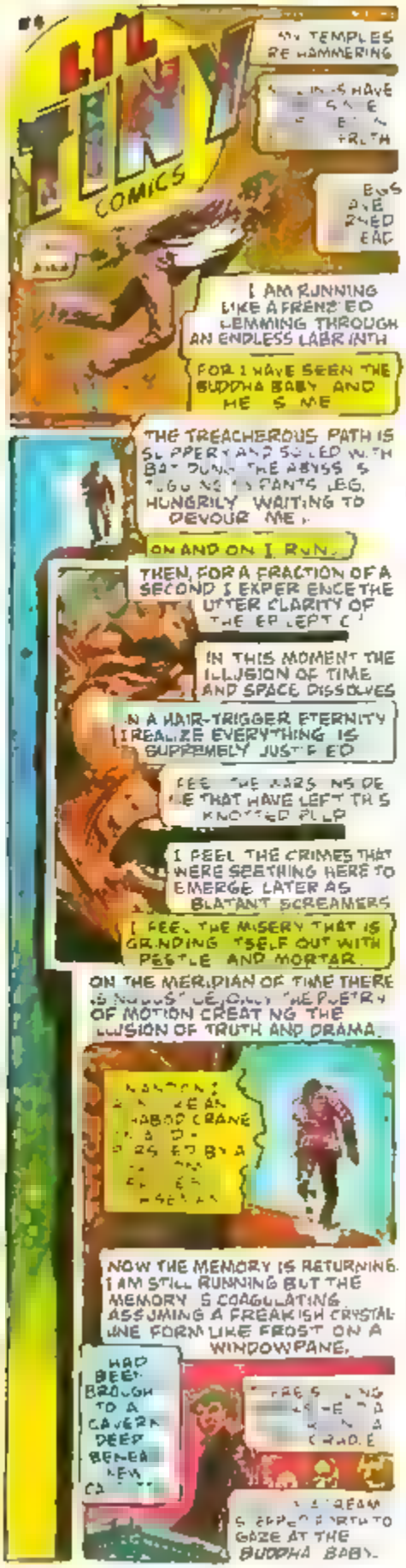
G.C. Well, in her private life with her husband and son there is never violence. Valentina submits to the violence of others and naturally it's a negative thing. But since things in sex are very complicated, sometimes there are cases when people want violence in sex. For instance, in the *Story of O*, the woman wants to be raped and wants sadomasochism. These are, undoubtedly, other aspects of sex and eroticism, and one can want to be raped in certain cases. Personally, I admit that there are certain violent things in sexual relationships, but if one is forced against one's will, then that's something absolutely different. It's difficult to make a list of things that are good and bad because there are things that are bad which in a certain sense can also be good. But it's important to remember that there has to be agreement.

D.K.B. So you think that in sex there's always violence?

G.C. Yes. I think that there's undoubtedly a certain amount of violence in sex. It's inevitable. It's important, however, to find two people who search for a certain point on which they can reach accord.

D.K.B. But do you think that women are powerless against men sexually?

G.C. I'm not a feminist in that I don't think that women are always the victims and men are always violent. Of course when a woman is raped or assaulted it's terrible, especially when it is by a gang of six or seven men; then it's even more horrible. It's apparent that feminists in this case are right and I agree with them. Also because it's difficult for a woman to assault a man violently, and it is almost always the man who is violent. Yet I'm not in agreement with feminists who say that men, whether good or bad, are always oppressors and


LIL TINY COMICS
MY TEMPLES RE HAMMERING
I AM RUNNING LIKE A FRENZIED LEMMING THROUGH AN ENDLESS LABRINTH
FOR I HAVE SEEN THE BUDDHA BABY AND HE S ME
THE TREACHEROUS PATH IS SLIPPERY AND STUDDED WITH BAT DUNG THE ABYSS S TEEMING WITH GIANTS (E.G. HUNGRILY WAITING TO DEVOUR ME).
ON AND ON I RUN.
THEN, FOR A FRACTION OF A SECOND I EXPERIENCE THE UTTER CLARITY OF THE EPILEPTIC
IN THIS MOMENT THE ILLUSION OF TIME AND SPACE DISSOLVES
IN A HAIR-TRIGGER ETERNITY I REALIZE EVERYTHING IS SUPREMELY JUSTIFIED
I FEEL THE CRIMES THAT WERE SEETHING HERE TO EMERGE LATER AS BLATANT SCREAMERS
I FEEL THE MISERY THAT IS GRINDING ITSELF OUT WITH PESTLE AND MORTAR.
ON THE MERIDIAN OF TIME THERE IS NOUGHT BEYOND THE POETRY OF MOTION CREATING THE ILLUSION OF TRUTH AND DRAMA.
NOW THE MEMORY IS RETURNING. I AM STILL RUNNING BUT THE MEMORY S COAGULATING ASSUMING A FREAKISH CRYSTALLINE FORM LIKE FROST ON A WINDOWPANE.
HAD BEEN BROUGHT TO A CAVERN DEEP BENEATH
I DREAM I SCRAMBLE FORTH TO GAZE AT THE BUDDHA BABY.

D.K.B. So you think women are just as violent as men?

G.C. Yes. They're just as violent, but it's more mental than physical.

D.K.B. More manipulative?

G.C. Yes—in a psychological way. Women to me seem to have a way to defend themselves. I have to say that I think that women do have a certain power, and in general women have the possibility to make men do what they want. I'm a socialist and I believe that there should be equality between men and women, but I don't think that women should all unite against all men—that's ridiculous.

D.K.B. And in personal life?

G.C. Of course there's not just the violence of a man attacking a woman on the street; there's also that of a husband attacking his wife. But it's a physical advantage that men have, and women can be violent, even in love. I tried to illustrate this in Valentina, for example, with Valentina and [illegible]. A lot of times I draw her being more aggressive, but there's never really violence because there's accord. I think that often men are in agreement to be [illegible]. I'm not a violent person, but there are men like me who don't even have a violent instinct to possess women but who want to [illegible].

D.K.B. Passive?

G.C. Exactly. At least I do. *(laughter)* In my designs one sees that.

D.K.B. Where is the line between eroticism and pornography?

G.C. Hard to say. If there's a nude woman some people might say it's pornography. But I think it's simply that pornography is vulgar. I don't think I've ever been vulgar. It's difficult to make distinctions because there could be pornography even in a famous painting, because a nude woman can't always be pure. I don't believe in absolute purity. If one uses censorship, then even a painting by Titian could be considered pornography. It is very erotic; it makes men perhaps want to touch the woman, or even to make love to her, but it's not a negative thing, and I think that Titian wanted to achieve that. But people are hypocrites—they might say that *La Venere* by him is pure, and it's not because it is clear that beautiful things aren't just pure; they are also ugly. If someone draws an angel it could be pure but it could also be ugly. So, even a work of art can be considered porn if porn is considered ugly. I think it's vulgarity. I'm not Picasso but I try to draw well and I hope I never draw anything vulgar.

D.K.B. What are you working on now?

G.C. I'm working on a romantic story of Valentina. Here Valentina is older. She was born in 1942, so she's already thirty-seven and in love with a younger man.

D.K.B. What do you mean by romantic—erotic?

G.C. A little traditional, but I think that eroticism can also be romantic. Anyway, this is a story of problems within the family, and Valentina is in love with a musician.

D.K.B. Is this a realistic story?

G.C. Yes. I like my characters to be real. I don't want Valentina to be simply a pinup. Also, for example, in the beginning Philippe had supernatural [illegible] but he's more human.

D.K.B. Who influenced you as a comic-strip artist?

G.C. I've always loved American comic strips such as "The Phantom," "Flash Gordon," Phil Davis's "Mandrake." Even now I like them. But the men were always very masculine and the women were their girl friends. I wanted to make Valentina emancipated. She works as a photographer, has gotten older.

D.K.B. But has her body changed?

G.C. Not that much—she's not as thin.

D.K.B. But isn't that unrealistic?

G.C. No. For example, my wife is almost forty and she's still beautiful to me. I just don't know what I'll do when Valentina gets really old.

D.K.B. You could draw some wrinkles. Anyway, what do you think of the movement in America of women against pornography?

G.C. I don't agree with them totally, because it's dangerous to try and define what's good or bad. They see porn only against women and that is not true. I'm against exploitation. There are things that are stupid, but it is hard to decide which is allowed and which is not.

D.K.B. Do you think your work is just as erotic for women as it is for men?

G.C. I couldn't say—you'd have to ask a woman. I think that if a woman likes to look at it that's fine. As for feminists, *Justine*, which I drew, could be a book that might be useful for them because it shows Justine undergoing all this violence. Even a picture of her being raped could be used as a feminist poster.

D.K.B. But the difference is that for your readers her being raped is erotic while feminists would see it as degrading.

G.C. I'm against all forms of censorship, even if [illegible].

D.K.B. Do you think comic strips are more subtle and less graphic than photographs?

G.C. There are vulgar comic strips. I think that my stories are more erotic than photos are.

D.K.B. Is that because there is no story in the photographs in, let's say, a magazine like *Playboy*?

G.C. Yes, stories would make the photos more [illegible].

D.K.B. Do you think your comic strips are more like films?

G.C. Yes, but I've seen very few porno films. I don't like them, because they're too real and in my comic strips there's always fantasy, always a personal side. I like eroticism, which is more fantasy and more a part of the imagination. I think cinema pornography is a little bestial. It's too much like standing at the window and watching a couple through binoculars.

D.K.B. Is your art always political?

G.C. Yes, for example there's never fascism in my comic strips. I hate fascism for many reasons but, mostly because it represents masculinity—that a fascist man is always violent. I don't know if American readers would know this, but fascists always went to brothels that were controlled by the state. They hated homosexuals and anyone not masculine. In fact, I think that some erotic magazines of today are fascist—even if they have a red star, it's the same sort of violence.

D.K.B. What kind of films do you like?

G.C. I love all cinema, especially American film like Howard Hawkes, films with Bogart, James Cagney. I also like the French New Wave—[illegible].

D.K.B. And authors?

G.C. I like Thomas Mann and prewar German authors, but Kafka is my favorite; in fact, I think some of Valentina is Kafkaesque. I don't like erotic books.

D.K.B. Because words alone aren't erotic?

G.C. It's a personal preference, but I think that cinema is too real and words require work of the imagination.

D.K.B. So comic strips are the best of both worlds?

G.C. Yes. *(laughter)*

AND MY SANITY SNAPPED LIKE A VIOLIN STRING WOUND BEYOND ITS LIMIT!
ANY HOPES I MIGHT HAVE CLUNG TO OF EVER LEADING A SANE AND NORMAL EXISTENCE VANISHED IN THAT FIREBALL OF SELF-REALIZATION!
I STAGGERED OFF LIKE A MAN UNDER AN ANESTHETIC WHO HAD MANAGED TO CRAWL AWAY FROM THE OPERATING TABLE...
I BEGAN TO CRY
THEN I BEGAN TO RUN
I RAN FOR HOURS
DAYS
WEEKS
MONTHS
YEARS
MILLENNIA
ETERNITY
I RAN UNTIL I MADE A COMPLETE CIRCLE IN TIME AND I AM BACK IN THE HERE AND NOW!
THE SOUNDS OF MY FEET SMACKING THE GREASY FLOOR ECHO BACK LIKE FUNEREAL DRUM BEATS
I KEEP RUNNING AND RUNNING, WITHOUT MISSING A STEP
UNTIL...
THERE IS NO PLACE LEFT TO RUN.

MUZICK by Lou Stathis

continued from page 6

through a heavy, romantic mist (remember the opening shots of *Taxi Driver*?). Equally good are the songs in the five set that have yet to be recorded: "Design For Leaving," in which the synthesizers sweep grandly in an almost Wakeman-esque fashion; "Pressure Beat," an emotionally charged reggae tune; a version of "Eleanor Rigby" so bent out of shape that it took me three listenings before I could appreciate it; and an instrumental called "Digital Cowboy" that is being recorded for their second single (their first with Scott, probably available shortly after you read this).

There's an attitude, or mind-set, at work here that I like: a duality of absorption and creation as both a function and product of life. These guys are clearly listening to what's on the cutting edge of today's rock and setting their sights on outdoing what they hear—not out of jealousy or the macho need to be better, but to push themselves to the limit of what they're capable of creating. It's a healthy, ongoing process of competition, similar to something Paul McCartney talked about in a recent *Musician Player & Listener* magazine interview when he mentioned that *Sergeant Pepper* was produced because the Beatles felt they had to outdo the Beach Boys' *Pet Sounds*. When I asked Keith and Layne whom they were producing their music for, whom they hoped to impress, they replied with a list of band names: Orchestral Manouvres, Ultravox, Split Enz, Cowboys International, Joy Division, Wire, Urban Verbs—again, the cutting edge. When you produce with an eye toward impressing the best, you can't help producing something that's superior (if you've got what it takes).

The other part of their attitude that I dig is the "Do It" ethos, the idea of plunging ahead and tackling something whether you think you know how to do it or not. Keith tells me: "We did 'Nightlife' in three hours and mixed it in six, working in a sixteen-track studio in Richmond, California. It cost us—for everything: recording, pressing, packaging—fifteen hundred dollars for a thousand copies." "Hell," Layne says with punk-kid modesty, "we did that all ourselves, too. I designed and executed the graphics (stealing the type design from the Cowboys International *Today, Today* cover), and my younger brother shot the back photo of us in front of my father's printing press. I'm no artist—I barely made it out of high school!" Yeah, maybe so, but the point is you *did it* and it's fucking good. What else matters? (Write: Rico West, 136 Wykoff Drive, Vacaville, CA 95688.)

nuvinyl

The "Do It" syndrome (aka D.I.Y.) has been going strong for the past four years, but only recently have homegrown synth records begun to pop up. From Ohio (it's round on the ends and high in the middle) we have a single by **Aftermath**, apparently a one human operation by Steve Simenic. Steve performed and recorded the record ("Automatic Entertainment" ("Blind To View" in the living room of his apartment, using his own four-track machine and playing all the guitars and synthesizers himself. The music is a bit rudimentary, and the songs tend toward the static, but it's a worthwhile effort (send Steve three bucks at 4601 Northfield Road, Warrensville Heights, OH 44128). A bit more interesting is the **Ghostwriters** EP called *Music From No Man's Land*, on Philadelphia's Zero label. More sonic variations from this duo, but still lacking in some essential spark of inspiration. All the information given on this record is a phone number: (215) 747-5398. From Oregon comes **Michael Garrison's** *In The*

Regions Of Sunstorm (Windspell), an LP firmly rooted in the mid-seventies European progressive tradition. Though derivative, this is spirited and quite pleasant to listen to; get your local retailer to order this from Jem). **Moebius**, consisting of anywhere from two to four synthesists and one very unimaginative drummer, have an uneven LP out on Moonwind Records. It's basically a pop-dance electronic fusion attempt that sometimes succeeds and elsewhere is embarrassingly inept (433 N. Tustin Avenue, Orange, CA 92667). Old friend **Nash the Slash** (*HM*, February '80) who when last seen was touring with Gary Numan and providing electronics for a movie called *The Kidnapping of the President*, has released a new single on his own Cut-Throat Records. It's a smashing version of Jan and Dean's "Dead Man's Curve" (though the twisted-metal sounds were better live) b/w an original tune called "Swing Shift," which is gloomily atmospheric. Send some of whatever passes for money up north to the self-effacing Mr. Slash at Cut Throat, 121 Danforth Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, Canada. And speaking of old friends, check out **Snakefinger**'s new single, "The Man in The Dark Sedan," on the unintably incongruous Ralph Records label. It's reptilian reggae at its ■

Up above ground on the major labels, we find things moving along well enough, though naturally in a more mainstream direction. The new lineup **Ultravox** have finally released an album, *Vienna*, available domestically on Chrysalis (CHR 1296). Though the band's personality has naturally changed since John Foxx's departure, their power and inventiveness have not diminished at all. Musically, this album is as strong as *Systems Of Romance*, a fact that is clear from the opening phase-shifted drum kick of the scorching "Sleepwalk" onward. This is an incredible record, really one of the five best released so far this year (judging by the number of times a day I play it). Producer Conny Plank has once again given the record his velvet touch, while Warren Cann's powerfully rocking drum work propels the band to the very edge of ferocity. Billy Currie's synthesizer playing evokes in a masterly way the range between the gutsy and the delicately sensitive (particularly on "Private Lives" and "New Europeans"), while his viola whips "Astradyne" to a strangled frenzy and layers "Mr. X" with a reedy tenseness. I like the depths to which they've refined their European neo-Romantic sound (sort of the *Third Man* theme with synths), though I could do without the visual expression of it (they look like a bunch of greasy Latin gigolos). One problem: "Mr. X" has exactly the same synth line as John Foxx's "Touch And Go" (from his LP *Metamatic*). What gives?

I was quite surprised by the **Yellow Magic Orchestra**'s *X∞Multiples* (A&M SP 4813), being fully prepared as I was to hate this thing as much as I did their first American release (Nippo-Euro-Disco). But this time around the Japanese trio (2 synths, 1 drum kit) have absorbed a new set of influences and assimilated them into a satisfying, organic whole. The first side still suffers a bit from the relentlessly tedious disco-thump tempo and trite melodies that plagued the first album, but it ends strongly with an irreverently twisted version of "Day Tripper" (anybody who can do that to the Beatles can't be all bad). Side two is much better with songs like "Multiples," "Citizens Of Science," and "Solid State Survivors" sounding like a blend of Kraftwerk/Giorgio Moroder/Devo with even a bit a ska thrown in. Not bad at all.

The rest of this month's PVC dose gives proof to the growing idea that electronix is the cross-cultural locus for the global village of the eighties. From France we have what I believe to be **Richard Pinhas**'s best album to date, *Iceland* (French Polydor/Ramses 2393 254, available through Jem), a starkly evocative journey through frozen landscapes that moves beyond anything Pinhas has done before (either in solo projects or with his group, Heldon). Fellow frog **François Breant** offers up *Voyeur Extra-Lucide* (Egg/Visa 7011, available at domestic prices from Jem), a pleasing amalgamation of tonally rich, Debussy-like impressionism with earthy jazz table manners. **Tangerine Dream**'s newest *Tangram* (UK Virgin V2147), is more minimal than previous efforts but rewarding in its subtleties and the hinted-at structures of its melodies. **Klaus Schulze**'s entry this year is the disappointing *Live* (Brain 0080.048), a double-record set that isn't up to the quality of last year's *Dune* or the preceding year's *X*. Klaus's owned-and-operated label, Innovation Communications, has been busily putting out stuff by others far better than his collection of lackluster concert tapes, most notably from Italy's **Baffo Banfi** *Ma, Dolce Vita*, (C 58 066) and **Arthur Brown/Vincent Crane** (*Faster Than The Speed Of Light*, IC 58 088), who last raved it up together thirteen years ago in the Crazy World of Arthur Brown. **Earthstar**, a Schulze-influenced group on the Sky label (*French Skyline*, SKY 031), are currently the best purveyors of space music—any of you interested in that genre must get this one. Over on the Island Empire, we have **Throbbing Gristle**'s newest *Heathen Earth* (Industrial Records, IR0009), which is quite good as far as these macabre brain eaters go—a coherent work done live in the studio, where its predecessor *20 Jazz-Funk Greats* suffered from fragmentation and flaccidity. American band **Chrome** has seen their latest, *Red Exposure*, issued on Beggars Banquet (Bega 15). Interesting moments, but ultimately ruined by rhythmic monotony. And, last, **Cabaret Voltaire**, who continue to make some of the most interesting records anywhere. *Live YMCA 27 10 79* and *Three Mantras* being their latest, both on Rough Trade. ●

COMIX by Jay Kinney

continued from page 7

Murphy and Kim Deitch, along with Jay Lynch and Jerry Lane. Participating artists could get their own books published at a reduced cost by combining the press runs of four comics at a time. With Justin Green's brother Keith providing sales and distribution for a percentage of the gross, the Press seemed to have circumvented the publishers' logjam.

Unfortunately, the cartoonists hadn't foreseen the extensive paperwork, bookkeeping, and centralized coordination that such a venture inevitably entailed. In 1974, the cooperative effort collapsed under its own weight. Though it included only a handful of cartoonists on the scene, the Cartoonists' Co-op Press in many ways represented the last utopian gasp of the original UG-comix movement.

Most of 1975 and 1976 witnessed ill-fated attempts by cartoonists to climb out of the underground ghetto and launch nationally distributed newsstand comix magazines. Denis Kitchen teamed up with Marvel to produce *Comix Book* only to have the boom lowered after three issues. The Print Mint cried *Arcade*, edited by Griffith and Spiegelman, for two memorable years and nearly went under again in the process. A color-comix and features tabloid, *The Funny Papers*, managed three issues in three months and then expired. If this wasn't discouraging enough, both Vaughn Bode and Willy Murphy died tragically premature deaths during this period, underscoring the cartoonists' own mortality.

For the remaining cartoonists there now seemed little choice but to pursue individual careers. Some, like Bill Stout, Leslie Cabarga, and Becky Wilson, went full-time into free-lance illustration and design, leaving comix work largely behind. Others, like Gilbert Shelton, Bill Griffith, and Ted Richards, concentrated on developing their favorite characters and produced an impressive flood of strips for weekly papers, comic books, and color comics for slick magazines. And others still, myself included, combined occasional comics work with a variety of jobs, such as writing, sign painting, graphic design, and, in the case of Greg Irons, tattooing!

Throughout it all, the UG publishers survived. By 1977, the comix seemed to have gotten a second wind, as the publishers concentrated on titles and themes with more commercial rigor. Dope jokes and erotica were still reliable crowd pleasers, but more impressive was the new trend of educational, historical, and socially conscious books. By appealing to all ages, these latter titles, such as *Corporate Crime, All-Atomic Comics, Cartoon History of the Universe, Anarchy*, and Jaxon's Southwest history series, encouraged hopes that the comix might be able to carve out space for themselves in bookstores. Given the generally low status accorded comic art in the culture at large, this remains to be seen.

The future of underground comix is uncertain. The renewed recession has once again hurt sales while raising production costs. The concerted national assault on head shops and paraphernalia has wiped out some of the comix traditional outlets. Furthermore, despite the generally higher quality of UGs over the last few years, there have been neither outstanding new best-sellers nor a noticeable increase in the audience for the good average UG comic. *The Freak Brothers* remain the one series to sell so well that they indirectly subsidize many other UGs and overshadow the rest. This is a heavy burden for their creator Gilbert Shelton, and his collaborators to carry, and it's no wonder that recent stories of the still funny trio have lacked a certain spontaneity.

It would indeed be ironic if UG comix, originally the incarnation of whim, should end up hostage to the UG publishers' desire to play it safe, if this proves to be the case in the months ahead, the resulting ennui may be the final blow to UGs. Only time will tell.

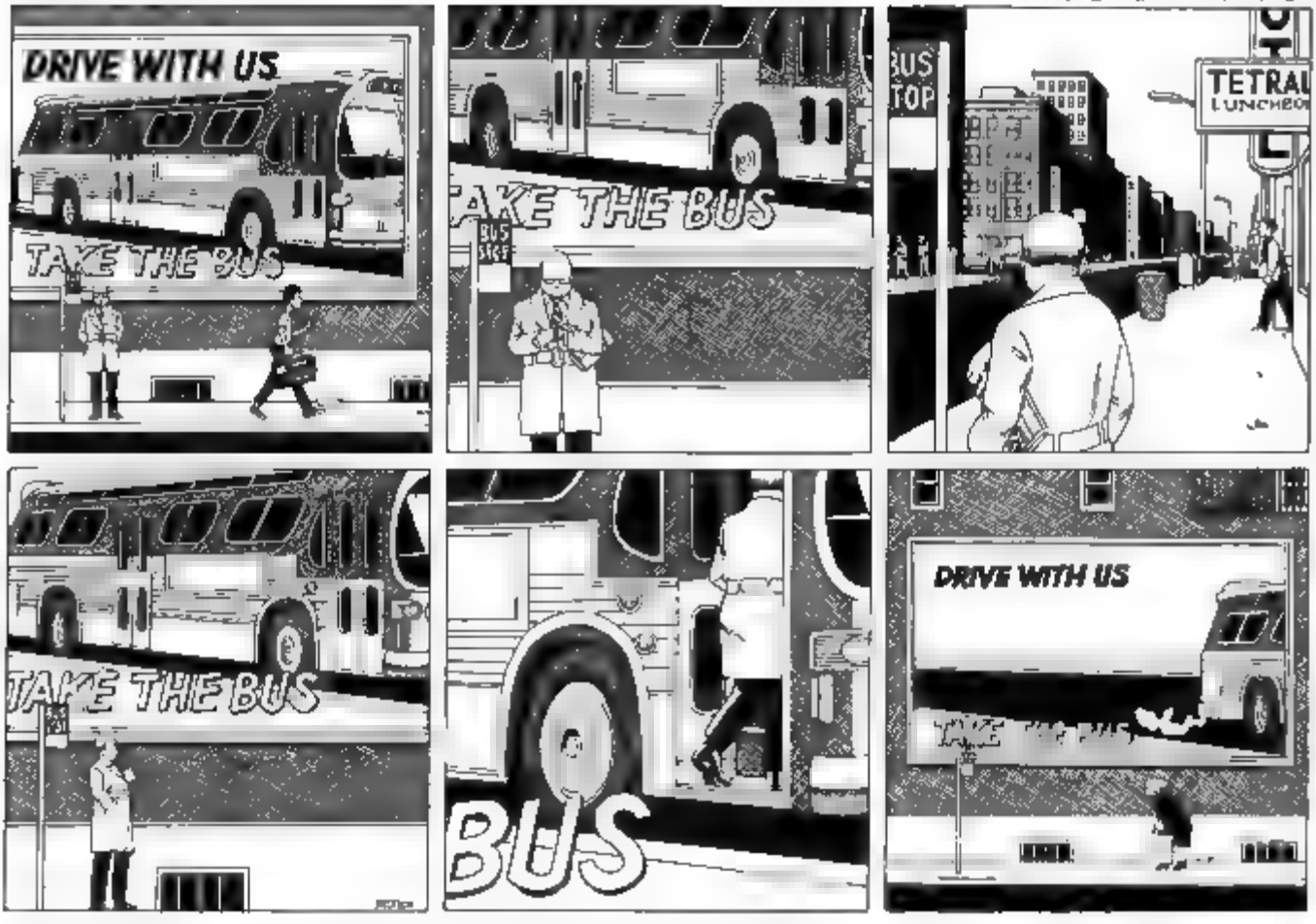
NEW PUBLICATIONS

Several months ago I sent out word that I planned to devote the review section of one column to a survey of the best self-published comics around. Since then I've been half-buried in a small avalanche of offset and Xeroxed publications of wildly varying quality. Though I've long held that some of the most exciting comic art around is to be found in these limited-edition comics, I must also report that there's plenty of stupid, subpar dreck churned out by egomaniacs as well. Self-publishing may be the last refuge of no-holds-barred individualism, unwarped by commercial considerations—but it's also a stomping ground for crude beginners, formula followers, and obsessed eccentrics. What follows is the best of the lot according to my somewhat jaded tastes.

Matt Feazell, out in St. Louis, Missouri, publishes a great series called *Not Available Comics*, of which I have three issues. "The Invasion of Earth" is a six-page tale of punks from outer space invading Earth to bring about the collapse of civilization through three-chord rock. "Arnie Arnolds, Space Cadet" is an SF mock-out about Earth menaced by reactionary farmers from Mars." "Cynicalman" is a mini-sized eight-page satire of superhero comics—wherein stick people battle Godzilla over the St. Louis Gateway Arch. Production values on these Xeroxed comics are a bit rough—they're taken straight out of Feazell's sketchbooks and look it—but the basic drawing and design are tasty and the writing is hilarious. If you like the Firesign Theatre, chances are you'll get a kick out of these. "Arnie Arnold" is Adults Only, but others are GP. *Not Available Comics* are a bargain at 30¢ each.

the bus

PAUL KIRCHNER©



postpaid, and 15¢ for the mail, from Matt Feazell 17 S. Euclid #3, St. Louis, MO 63108.)

Jim Siergey's *Little Book of Nart* is an eight-page mini-comic of surrealism and bad puns. Siergey has been drawing since the early seventies, when he first appeared in *Roxy*, the one-shot companion comic to *Bijou Funnies* and by now he has his ugly, bouncy style well under control. *Nart* is 50¢ from Hermitage House, 4135 N. Hermitage, Chicago, IL 60613.)

Many of the cartoonists most active in self-publishing keep in touch with each other through the mail, and some interesting anthology comics have resulted. *Tales Too Tough for TV* has gone through three issues, starting as a two-man collection of rather abstract mandalas, featuring eyeballs, TVs and novas. The guys responsible for those, Bill Shut and Kelly Alder, were joined by a handful more, including Jim Valentino and Brad Foster, for the next two issues. These later issues are more evenly divided between comic strips and animated abstractions, all vaguely united around an anti-TV theme. Bill Shut has also done a striking mini-publication of seven-color Xerox abstractions entitled *Time Lapse Growth*, which I like best of all, though it has almost nothing to do with comic art as usually defined. (*TTTFTV* #1, #2, and #3 are $2 pp. 75¢ pp, and $1.25 pp respectively, while *Time Lapse Growth* is an expensive $3. They are all available from Jamie Alder, 9970 Liberty Road, Chelsea, MI 48118.)

The abstractions of folks like Bill Shut above are half-cousins of naive folk art or stoned telephone doodles, which may be the same thing anyway these days). *The Journal of Pure Art #2* and *Premium Crackers #2*, both by John Adams, on the other hand, take stock comic-book panels and advertising images and modify them in various sarcastic ways. *PC #2*'s imagery is romance-comic cliches larded over with bondage devices and psychedelic patterns. The results reminded me of the disturbing paintings of French surrealist Alexis Trouille and the sixties Chicago pop artists known as the Hairy Who. This work is simultaneously enticing, puzzling, and disgusting, which makes it worth repeated viewings. (Both are available for 75¢ pp from John Adams, P.O. Box 1527, Boulder, CO 80306.

In the August 1980 issue of *HM*, I mentioned *Scat*, the free comics paper from western Massachusetts. They've now published the first annual *Best of Scat*. In its monthly issues, *Scat* supports itself with local advertising; this annual, however, runs forty-four ad-free pages and gives a good idea of the range of work coming from these New England cartoonists. (*Best of Scat* is $1.50 pp from *Scat* Magazine, P.O. Box 326, Northampton, MA 01061.)

One of the *Scat* regulars, Steve Lafler, has been drawing a daily strip for the University of Massachusetts *Daily Collegian* for the last four years. The Strip, "Aluminum Foil," stars Gerald (who wears an aluminum-foil hood on his head) and his sidekick Benb (pronounced Ben-bee), a silent scarecrow. Lafler has published a 96-page anthology of the first two years of the strip, and its non sequitur humor made me chuckle often as I read through it. (*Benb & Gerald Vol. 1* is $3 pp from Steve Lafler, 31 Pheasant Way, South Burlington, VT 05403.)

Now we come to one of the snazziest self-published comic publications I've ever seen. It is *Water Works*, by David Johnson and T. W. Rutledge, a 10" × 14" forty-two-page softcover collection of stories all peripherally associated with water. There are seven tales here of varying length, most of which are an elegant combination of fantasy, history, and science fiction. Rutledge's art reminds me somewhat of Howard Pyle's finely detailed illustrations, more than making up for a certain stuffiness in Johnson's prose. Three more books are planned, each focussing on one of the four elements. (*Water Works* retails for $7.95, and information on ordering it can be had from Jalapeño Press, Route 2, Box 600, Bandon, OR 97411.)

Byron Werner in Los Angeles has been creating bizarre and humorous collages from old magazine ads and illustrations for the last several years. Periodically he collects these into *Famous Potatoes*, his unique comic magazine. Most recently, Byron has teamed up with cartoonist Carol Lay to produce *Pontiac Tempura*, an exciting twelve-page publication with a two-color cover. Byron's collages are present as usual; especially engaging is "Tentacles of Terror," a Lovecraft parody. Most striking, however, is Carol's groundbreaking "Reach Out and Touch Someone," starring a deaf Venus de Milo and the Statue of Liberty. With all balloons and narrative in sign language and a farfetched plot, the strip casts a hypnotic spell in just five short pages. *Pontiac Tempura* is one of the most successful avant-garde comics of 1980 and one that makes me look forward to what these guys come up with next. ($1.50 pp from Byron Werner, P.O. Box 49023, Los Angeles, CA 90049.)

Changes

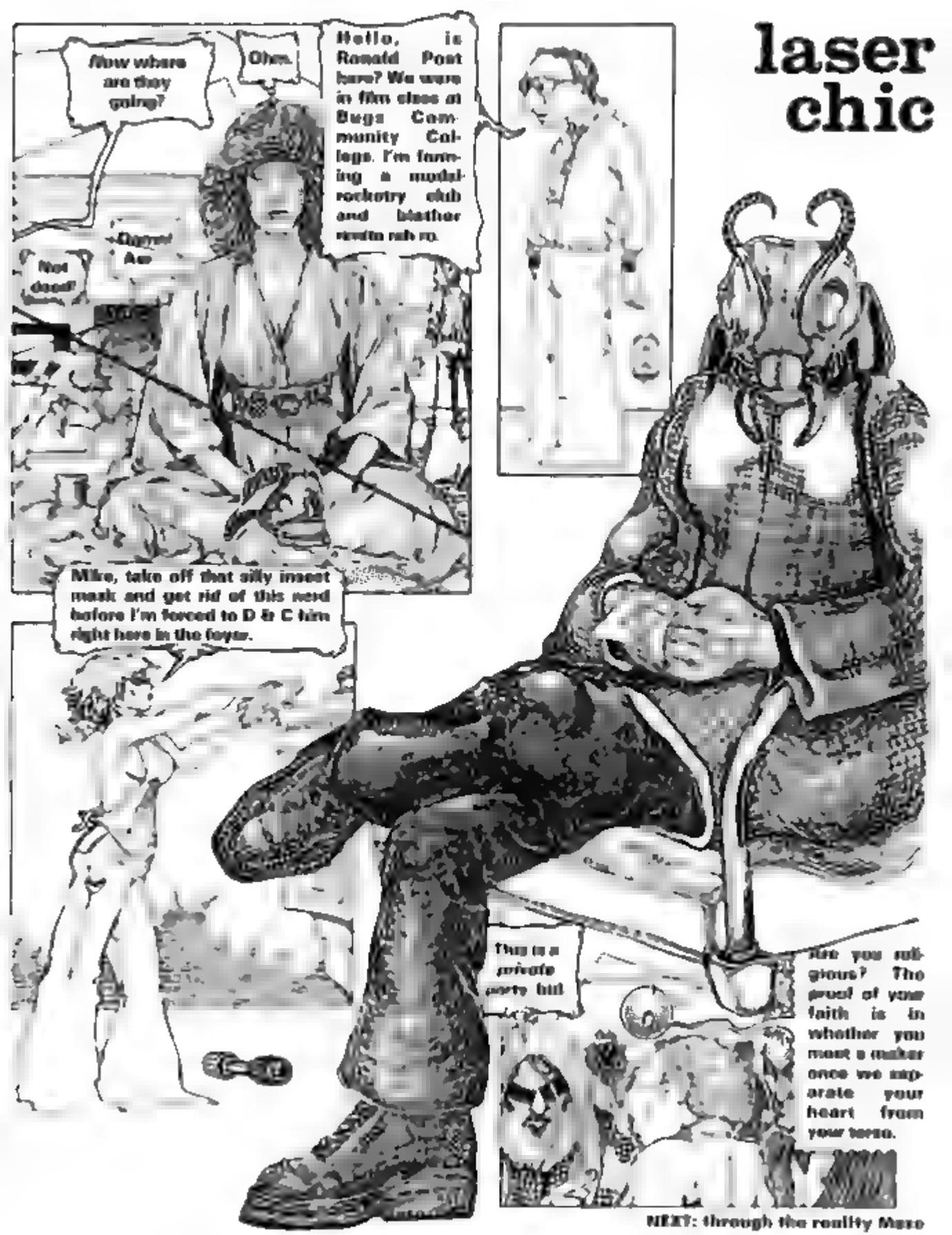
Matt Howarth

Hey, they's Hiroshima, mah luvva!
Raisin!
INTERLUDE: CONT.
. . . speak of the *devil*. . .
We jes' stoppin' in fo' a sec, me an' th' Hatm'n.
Wo'! *Good* ta see yo' all'n—hey, hi! Where's sum' smoke? Hi, Mike.
Nicer house 'n th' Cold Front in Bugtown. . . .
Can I put an album on, Mike?
Heah, bro'.
Like yer hat, man.
Ah'll baptize th' house later. Fu'st Ah's got whut talk ta Russ. . . .
He's depressed.
Can we play some *Gong* for him, then?
Hoy, Rogah!
HOWARTH TONY SCIARRA/THE LATE JULIAN KERNES

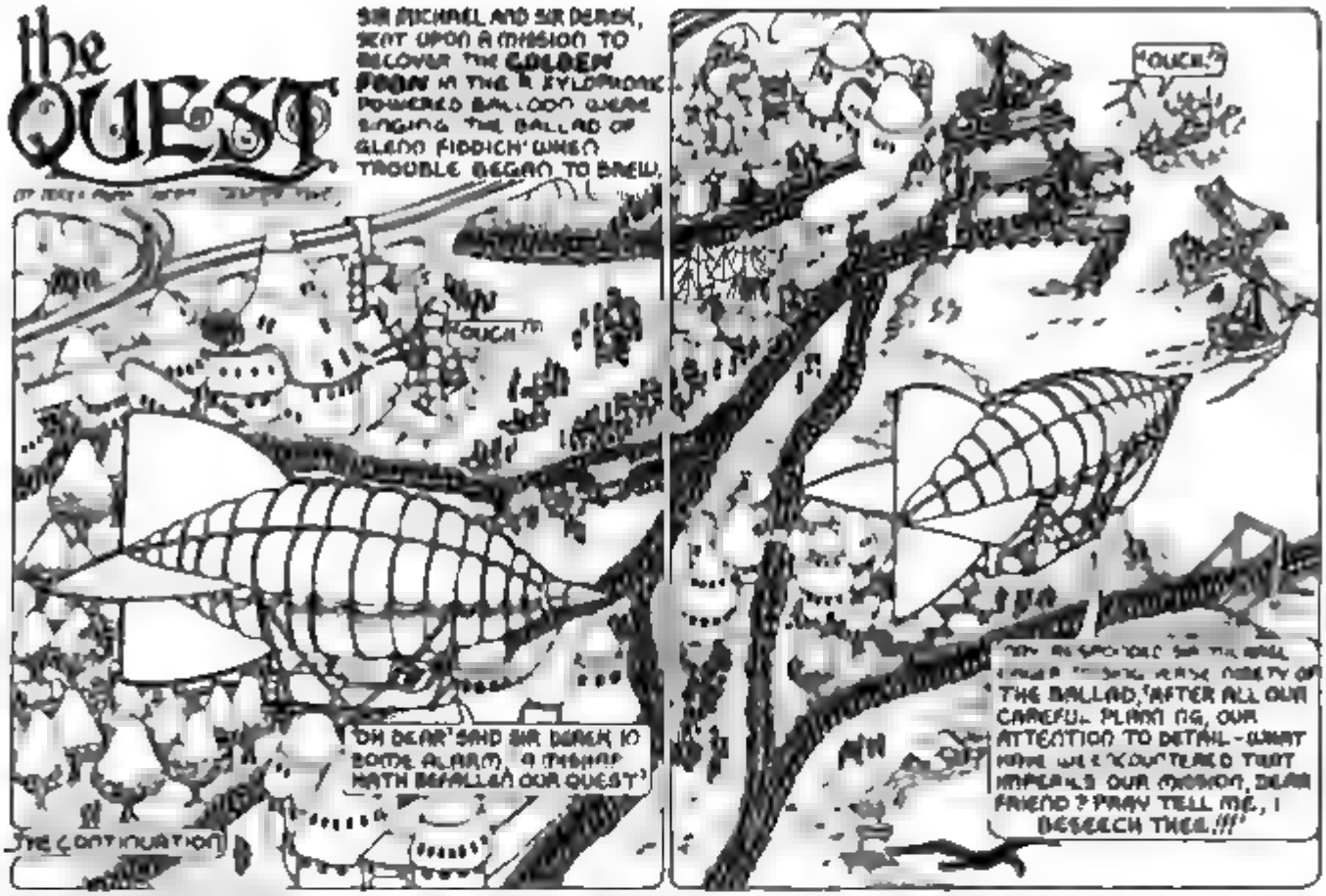
Uh, look, Russ . . . Ah wanted yo' calmed down fu'st, a'fore Ah tol' yo' whut Ah'm 'bout ta tell yo'. 'S very crooshul matter'n all dat.
About r'lyeh and not demon snuff? I already know.
Yo' knows? Then yo' un'erstan' why Ah wuz hes'-tant ta tell yo', concernin' Ron . . . (Thanx, Caroline.) Who tol' yo', th'n?
Roger. . .
Ah thot he wuz returnin' ta Scott an' th' Green Brain's universe, 'n I'd've asked him not ta tell yo' . . . Well, complete control a yo' head's deep shit, bro'. Yo' should consider yo'seff lucky yo' coped wit' it—Ron couldn't, tha's all.
So now I have a psycho for a brother.
Yo' got a head whut kin deal wit' that too. Believe me, bro'—Ah knows th' 'fects a r'lyeh fum person'l 'sperience. Has yo' ever noticed, Russ, whut Ah am a blind man?
Rais'n, man—Ah jes' 'membered—dat dude yo' wan' me git info on, th' dead 'un—he ain't dead. Hey, lemme know when yo's leavin', Ah needs a liff.
Blind . . . ?
WHAT?
Sho' am sorry Ah fo'got 'til now 'bout that. Hey w'man, put yo' clo's on!
SOL
MSG
GND

NEXT: the same party/another reality

laser chic


Now where are they going?
Ohm.
Hello, is Ronald Post here? We were in film class at Bugs Community College. I'm forming a model rocketry club and blather mutta rah ro.
Oppar! Ack
Not dead!
Mike, take off that silly insect mask and get rid of this nerd before I'm forced to D & C him right here in the foyer.
This is a private party but
Are you religious? The proof of your faith is in whether you meet a maker once we separate your heart from your torso.

NEXT: through the reality Maze


the QUEST
SIR MICHAEL AND SIR DEREK, SENT UPON A MISSION TO RECOVER THE GOLDEN FOON IN THE X-LYDIPHONIC POWERED BALLOON WERE SINGING THE BALLAD OF GLADD FIDDICH WHEN TROUBLE BEGAN TO BREW.
"OUCH!"
"OH DEAR" SAID SIR DEREK TO SOUND ALARM, "A THORN HATH BEFALLEN OUR QUEST"
THE CONTINUATION
"OUCH!"
"THE ORIGINAL SIR MICHAEL AND SIR DEREK NOTED FOR THEIR VARIETY OF THE BALLAD, "AFTER ALL OUR CAREFUL PLANNING, OUR ATTENTION TO DETAIL - WHAT HAVE WE OVERLOOKED THAT IMPERILS OUR MISSION, DEAR FRIEND? PRAY TELL ME, I BESEECH THEE.!!!"

FLIX by Bhob

precis of the film.

Oh, I'm glad you explained cat consciousness. Thank God someone finally didn't make my film sound like the Disney Siamese cats in *Lady and the Tramp*. Thank you for understanding this and telling it. You understand cats' marvelous capacity for condescension. Yes, I have a cat—an absolutely incredible female Rex named Oedipus (I didn't name her). When given to me, she had had her one kitten after mating with her father—no less. I named this sweet, unassuming little thing Dracula. She was also quite an exceptional darling but was lost in an accident in 1977 mid-*Furnes* production which almost ended the film, such grief did it bring. But it is for her and sweet, intelligent Oedipus who has been with me since 1975. So the *Furnies* cats are Rex rather than Siamese, but I did not intend them to be any breed in particular. While working on *Shadrac* these two rascals would sleep on my light box as I tried to work and looked like a single animal, their fur being identical. They would awake bathing, looking like a dance. Then this affectionate stuff would evolve into fighting and so on. This daily drama worked its way into *Shadrac*, then just *had* to become a film of its own. The next film, however, is abstract—or almost totally so. I find frustration in the experience of conflict between the representation of a "real" image and the non-representational. I become surprised to learn that my work has a subject matter. Usually I have felt very frustrated when reading a description of *Furnes* in terms of cats, until your article.

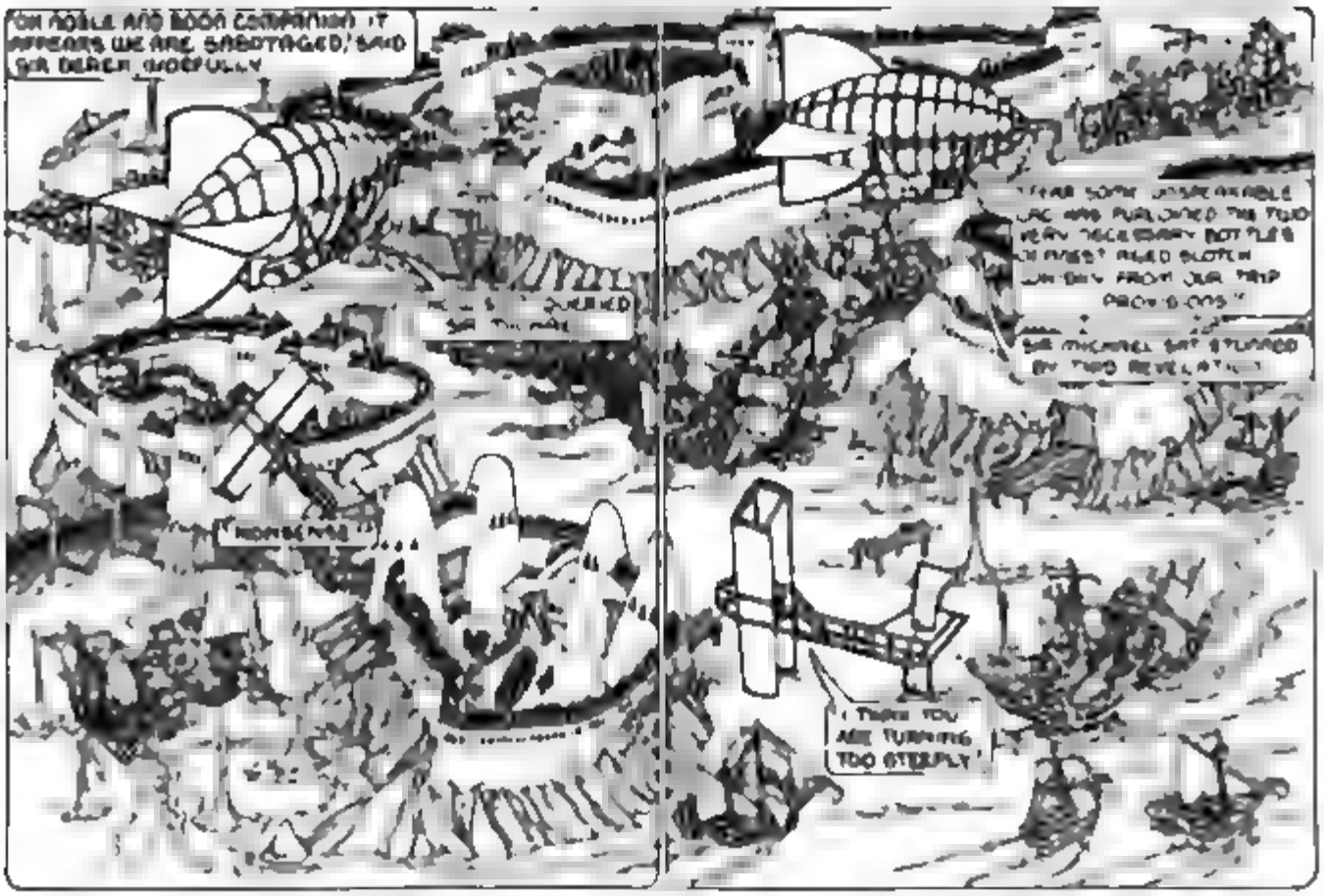
In October, mentioning the new *Cartoon Funnies* project forthcoming from *Yellow Submarine* producer Al Brodax, I scribbled this gaffe: "... Al Brodax, who never got his outre *I Am the Devil* project out of the hellbox." Discovering the error, I submitted a last-minute revision (changing "who never got" to "after getting"), but it didn't go through in time. The thirty-one-minute animated *I Am the Devil* (1975) does exist, displaying "a graphic style that can only be described as acid art and a soundtrack somewhere between Andy Warhol and Mary Hartman" (so say Audio Brandon's notes) and a story line that "traces the history of the Devil beginning with the first inkling of evil spirits and Lucifer's being thrown out of Heaven through his meddling in the Garden of Eden, to Satan's surprising present-day incarnations."

But life is a cartoon, like I said, so while I'm under the volcano, those of you who have seen *I Am the Devil* on the 8mm college circuit are even now sitting around the cantina with the gremlins and the type lice, chuckling and swapping cracks like "Good thing this Bhob isn't an air-traffic controller." All I ever saw of *I Am the Devil* was ten minutes of pilot footage in production six years ago at the Lisberger Studios, the West Coast outfit currently planning the feature-length animated science-fiction adventure *Tron*.

Meanwhile, Back in Ottawa

The Ottawa Animation Festivals began in 1976 and are held every two years. Already, as John Halas, president of the animation organization ASIFA and a four-star general in the battle to put *Heavy Metal* on film, phrases it, "This event has become one of the most important art festivals in the Western hemisphere and well known throughout the world." The August weather's warm, the setting idyllic: boats are moored in the Rideau Canal, running alongside the National Arts Centre where animation unspools in morning/afternoon programs with evenings devoted to the in-competition films. Animators are present from all over the globe, and if they have a film in competition they step briefly into a spotlit area for audience applause after their film is shown. At Ottawa '80 life is also a cartoon: in one Arts Centre men's room I find a pushpin stuck in a roll of toilet paper. Many animators gather in the Arts Centre's ground-level cafe, only ten feet away from the canal, to consume quiche and dissect the new films. Here one can sit and "watch the Americans" go by in the sightseeing boat. (If all this appeals to you, you can make plans to attend the next Ottawa Animation Fest by writing to: Ottawa 82, Canadian Film Institute, 73 Albert Street, Suite 9 1, Ottawa, Ontario K1P 5E7, Canada.

Surrounding the Arts Centre is a ring of hotels—the Lord Elgin, the Beacon Arms, the Chateau Laurier (with an interior astonishingly reminiscent of Kubrick's *Shining* set)—are the TV commercial people, the deal makers, and the long-time festival goers, such as veteran British animator Harold Whitaker, who has been attending animation fests since the first one twenty years ago. Across the canal, a number of independent animators, fest guests, and press are staying in a University of Ottawa dorm, while other filmmakers are living out of a van in a nearby university parking lot. They're all here: *Heavy Metal* movie director Gerry Potterton plasters the festival office with hand-painted signs announcing that he's hiring artists, Barry Levine scouts films for his Center Screen animation programs, Leonard Maltin autographs copies of his just published, 470-page *Of Mice and Magic* (McGraw-Hill), a comprehensive



survey of American animation since 1900.

The Million-Year Picnic Nique

On the fourth day of the fest an animator's picnic aka "pique-nique") is scheduled. But I take one look at the clouds, predict rain, and head instead for the Beacon Arms where Harold Whitaker is staying. Whitaker, who animated many of those Hanna & Batchelor roles I described last issue, has been keeping a low profile at the fest. All the more reason to seek him out. "I was planning to dodge the picnic myself," he says. It turns out we are both making a wise decision. The picnic, as it's later described to me, is a disaster, with a horde of people, somewhere outside Ottawa, standing around in the rain holding meat. And when the cookout equipment is moved indoors it sets off a sprinkler system. While this life-is-a-cartoon situation is taking place Whitaker and I are comfortably installed at the Beacon Arms bar, where the TV set is tuned to a cable station carrying scenes from D.W. Griffith's *Birth of a Nation* while a re-orchestrated version of the *Close Encounters* theme plays through another speaker in the room. (How's *that* for a godlike synchronistic mediamix comment on the brotherhood of man?)

After some prodding, Whitaker's polite British reserve eventually gives way to a relaxed and friendly resume of the high points in his forty-year animation career. By the time we get to the second round of Molsons, he is recounting his WWII travels, recalling his experiences at various animation fests, and expressing his great admiration for the landscapes of John Constable (1776–1837). For Whitaker the Ottawa fest is a brief restful interlude before he plows back into his work as animator and storyboarder on the *Heavy Metal* movie. He fashioned his "So Beautiful and So Dangerous" storyboard with partial input from the Angus McKie story printed in *HM*, and, as he explains, "Mostly the storyboard was just to illustrate the flow of the action. I've done, I think, probably three—this is the third version. I did a storyboard originally from the script that was provided by *Heavy Metal*. About two or three months ago John Halas took it over to California, and they commented on it. Then I made some corrections because about a third of it had to be redrawn. It's been sort of a shuffling thing to get the script up to that stage. I did one original storyboard and probably two adjustments where it's been rewritten a bit. 'So Beautiful and So Dangerous' will be about ten and a half minutes."

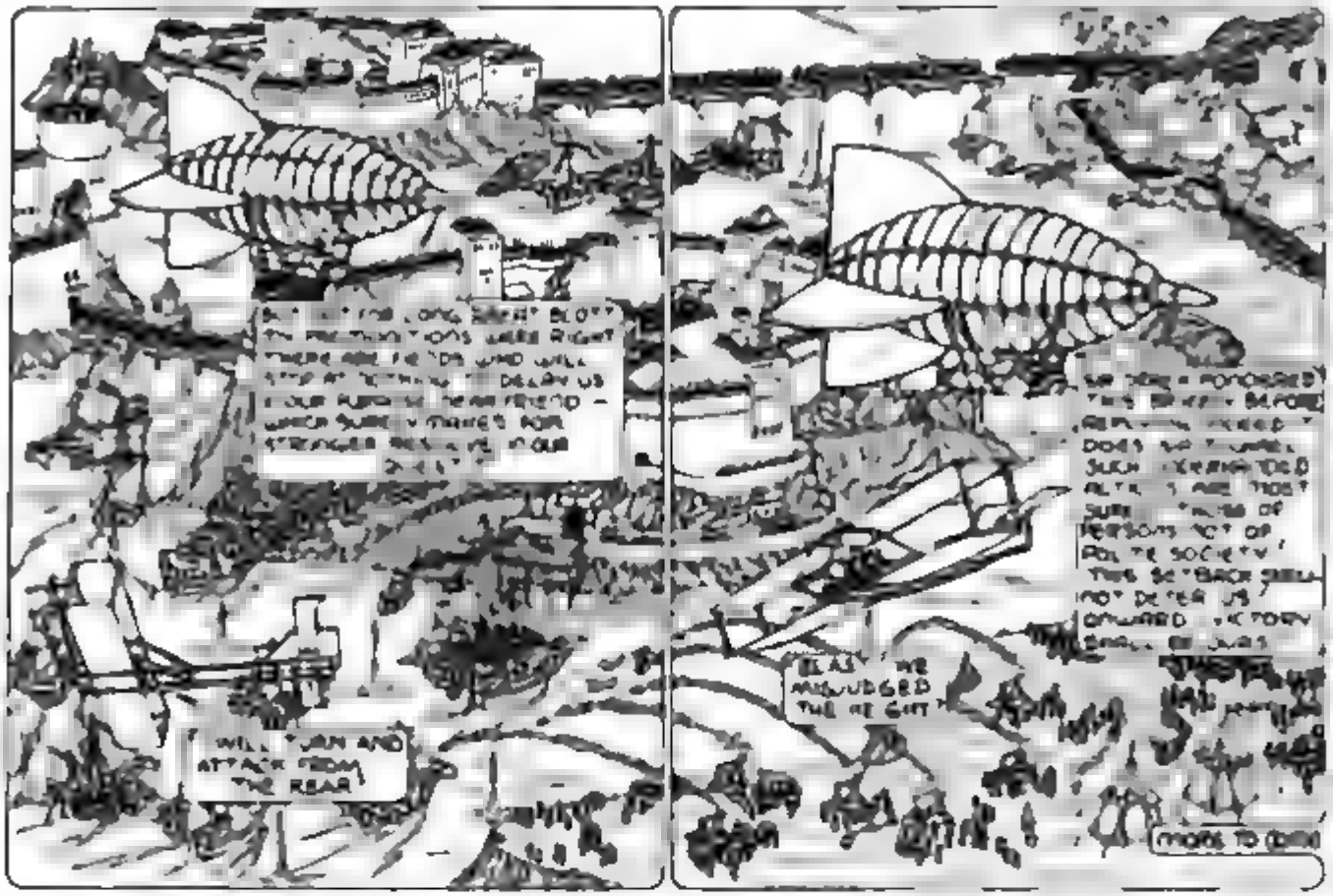
Whitaker's finely honed professional skills made it possible for him to forge ahead even though he had only a vague notion of the characters. "In order to get the thing moving, you have to do a sort of interim or rough version of the character. It's just an idea of a character which somebody will change. The final design of the character will do the same thing as this character is doing. The characters are not actually designed yet, but in the meantime you have to go ahead with the storyboard, so that gives you the action—what they're going to do, how they're going to speak, and where the cutting is."

But there's another step before McKie can begin painting the backgrounds. "Between the storyboard and the background stages, there is the layout stage, where the storyboard is enlarged to the size that will go under the camera. The layouts are drawn in pencil, still moderately rough. The storyboard drawings are only small-size, but under the camera the art might be various sizes. Some of them are long backgrounds. So McKie will work to these layouts. Backgrounds at the moment are minimal—just enough of a background to show that this is a loading bay or a spaceship. McKie is going to have to fill in all of those details. He's also designing the spaceships and the equipment."

Both Halas and Whitaker regard the *HM* movie as the most challenging project they've ever tackled. I ask Whitaker, "What's the most difficult film you've ever worked on?" With no hesitation he answers, "It's got to be 'Den'; it's a problem because the movement will have to be naturalistic powerful movement—not cartoon movement at all. The problem of texturing the cels, as well, is going to crop up because you can't paint them flat and still keep the Richard Corben look. So each cel will require elaborate work. The texturization is not really the animator's problem; that's a follow-up problem. The animation problem is to get dignified naturalistic movement on nude figures. One has to give the impression of Corben. As soon as a figure starts to move in animation, I think you accept a certain simplification because the movement adds a dimension to the drawing. It will be simplified from the Corben originals, but, even so, what's left is a big challenge. 'Den' will run about twelve minutes and basically, it's the same story as the original Corben story."

What's at the Top of a Sunbeam?

Of the 600-plus films (with a total screen time of seventy hours) submitted to Ottawa '80, well over a hundred make it into the five evening competition programs. I'm determined to catch every one of these films and, miraculously, I manage to do so. At the Annecy fest, audiences sometimes become quite vocal, but the Ottawa audience is ultrapolite, willing to applaud anything. The only in-competition film to get hissed is a Duck Soup Productions TV commercial for McDonald's (with George Washington hustling cherry pies). The only one booed is the puppet-animated *Nocturna Artificialia*, featuring dark brooding lighting effects and some rather obscure comments on fear and loathing by London's Brothers Quay; in another context it actually might fare well, but here the audience



rebels against twenty-one minutes of an avant garde doom vision coming just before an intermission.

Hungary's Ferenc Rofusz gives the fest its most discussed film, *A Bogar* (*The Bug*), seen from a flying bug's subjective viewpoint (with accompanying buzzing soundtrack) as the bug makes its way from field to yard to house to interior before finally being slapped out of existence. As everyone expects, sure enough, *The Bug* wins the Prix du Public/Public's Award, voted by the audience.

The jury, on the other hand, gives the Ottawa '80 Grand Prix to *Ubu* (1978). Londoner Geoff Dunbar's explosive adaptation of Alfred Jarry's paraphysical play that scandalized Paris in 1896 when Jarry was twenty-three. When Dunbar brought Toulouse-Lautrec art to life in *Lautrec* he won a 1975 Palme d'Or, proving he certainly can Cannes-Cannes, and this time he has borrowed from and extended Jarry's original character sketches, bringing the blasphemous Ubu smack into the punk era with a blotchy line, a shrill guttural track of animalistic sounds (like caged Wookies), spasmo background color smears, and dialogue in comic-book balloons. "It's not good family entertainment," says Dunbar, who put three years of work into this film.

As proof that the *Heavy Metal* movie has taken on board anamaniacs with The Right Stuff, two *HM* film artists wind up in the fest's winners circle: in the "films shorter than three minutes" category Michael Mills (see November Flix) wins with his fast-paced *History of the World in Three Minutes Flat*, and Barrie Nelson walks away with a Special Jury Award for his satirical *Opera Wednesday*, which Barrie describes as "a director directing an *animated* play in a large theater as if it were a [illegible]."

There are a number of other prizes, including a Special Jury Award to England's Paul Vester for bringing the thirties into the eighties with the colorful splashy-splashy jive graphics of his delightful *Sunbeam*, starring Harman-Ising character types harmonizing "What's at the Top of a Sunbeam?" (The new technologies will create a market for films like this. *Sunbeam* is made with video discs in mind, so it can be viewed again and again. But there's no award for *Asparagus* (see June Flix), for *Seaside Woman* (see October Flix), for Richard Condie's *Getting Started* (zippy humor on procrastination), for the spare designs of the theater-of-the-absurd settings in Jean-Thomas Bedard's *The Chairman*, a memorable metaphor for the collapse of our civilization as well-dressed gentlemen casually move their chairs about in empty streets between crumbling, disintegrating buildings. (Since the Link-Belt has, by now, zipped away the front half of the building next door, I have to sleep tonight three feet away from a towering unsupported brick wall with loose cornice balanced on the top edge—so, understandably, my enthusiasm for Bedard's beautiful thirteen-minute creation is peaking.)

Adieu

I leave the fest even *before* the awards—pencilled, moving like Mike Jittlov's *Wizard of Speed and Time*. (Will the people who never gave Fred Mogubgub two million dollars to make a movie please write that check payable to Jittlov? When he embarks on his first feature it could, quite possibly, be as much of a breakthrough film as *Citizen Kane* was.) Jittlov, though, is only one of the many on-the-rise talents screened at Ottawa. At Chez Ani, the fest nightclub next to the dorm, I see the John Cage–inspired *Chance Chants*, independent animator Andy Vodi's "response to computer films" with a visual effect not unlike that produced by a Philip Glass composition.

With films in the afternoon and live music at night, Chez Ani rocks. Boy, these animators sure like to dance! Must have something to do with a release of tension after animator's cabin fever—being cooped up day after day for months for just three minutes of footage. One female animator at Ani gyrates with such frenetic steps that her strap breaks. But life is a cartoon and she stays on the dance floor till the tune ends—like a living Bakshi character as her unleashed bare breast out-boogies her bra.

Ani closes at one. But the animated animators are still hopping. Three full carloads zoom off across the canal, past the War Museum, arriving in the middle of the Ottawa night at La Disco Viva. Giant quad speakers fence in the dance floor. Glitzy spinners on the ceiling. Colors flash. "*Another one bites the dust*," screams the music, but the animators aren't buying it: no one leaves the dance floor. Strobes wink. Now it's three-thirty, and the Viva regulars are getting curious: what's happening here? A snippet of a disco *Batman* theme blasts forth. Everyone on the dance floor is an animator! Incredible! The light flicker slows. Music ends. This is it. But wait. The animators refuse to leave. In the shadows: on dark cushiony seats, the usual Viva crowd is baffled...as the animators begin to make their *own* music—a stomping, clapping polyrhythm—*forcing* the Viva's DJ to rev the speakers and lights back into action.

And it begins. And they dance on and on and on. Leica reeling toward dawn, dancing now toward the end of our animated century of self-destruct. Well, keep on dancing—on the dance floor, on paper, on cels. On film.

I'll watch. ●

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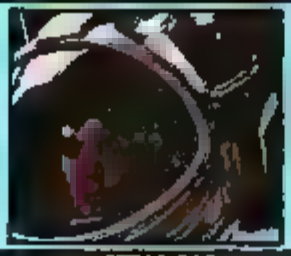

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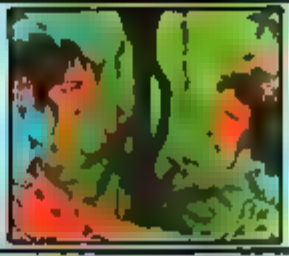

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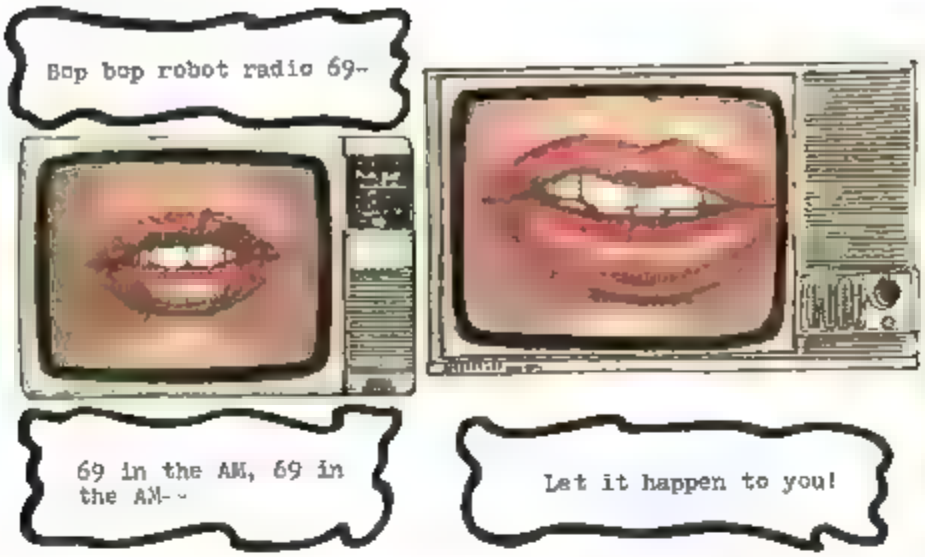
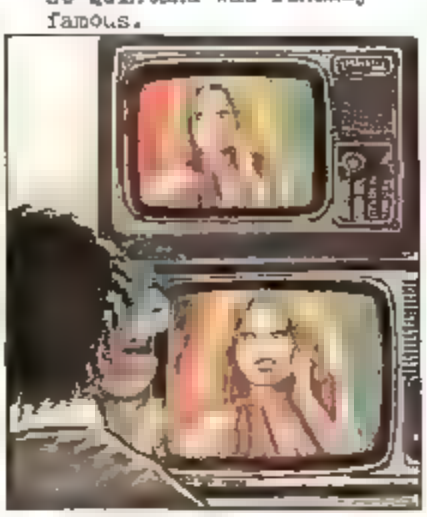




SF by Steve Brown

continued from page 6

touches: vidiphones, heat guns, references to "the Great Los Angeles Quake of '69"!, but actually in the middle sixties, premedia hippie and post-Beat Bohemian. The scene is fresh and new: the butterflies' wings are still sticky from the cocoon. Hilariously accurate portraits of the variegated human flotsam that later became associated with the psychedelic sixties crowd the book: the befuddled drug casualties, the garrulous self-appointed gurus, the conniving dealers, the wide-eyed kids learning their way around; the rock royalty. Anderson's eye for the foibles of his contemporaries is both precise and funny. Here is a sample, regarding one Andrew Blake and his first encounter with the Reality Pill:

> By now, of course, everyone was staring at us. That's what they were supposed to do, and they always did it. Once you've been famous in the Village, no other fame can wholly satisfy you. A few trained cynics near the door applauded.
>
> The Garden of Eden (coffeehouse) was a sudden pit of silence, and Andrew Blake sat across the table from me swathed head to sole in what could only be called a halo.

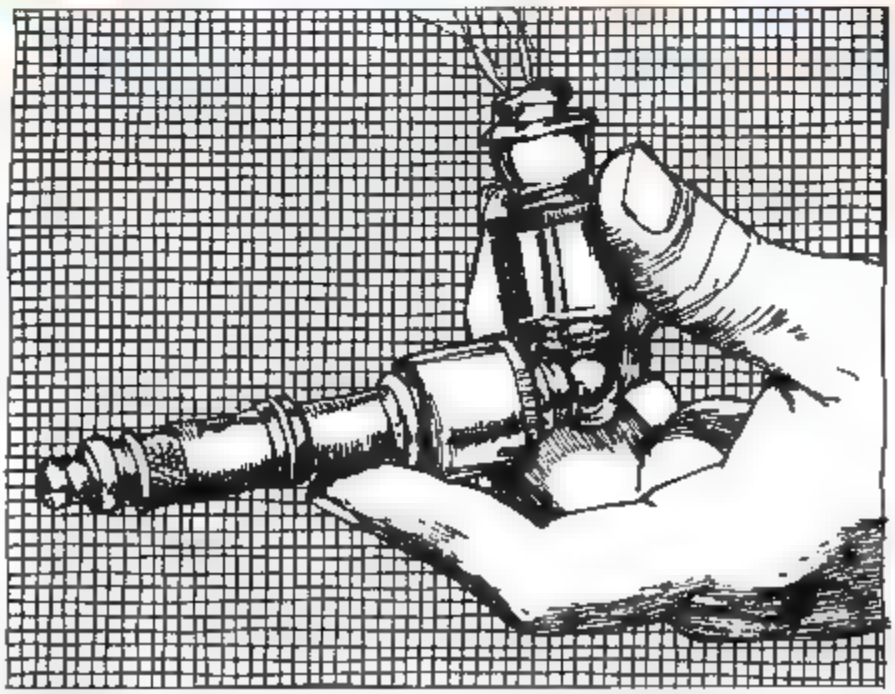
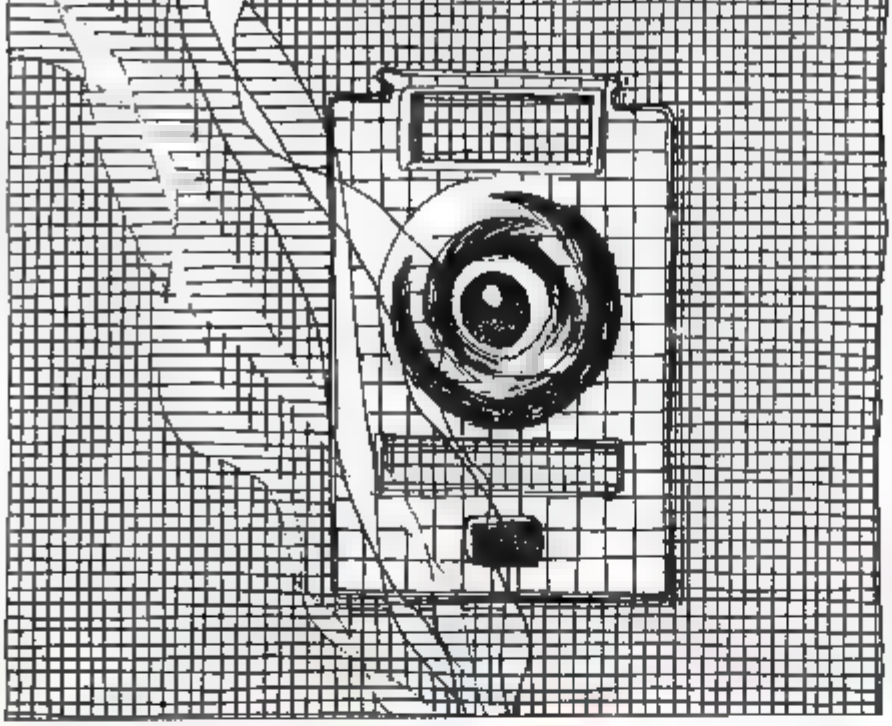


Illustration by Charles Swenson

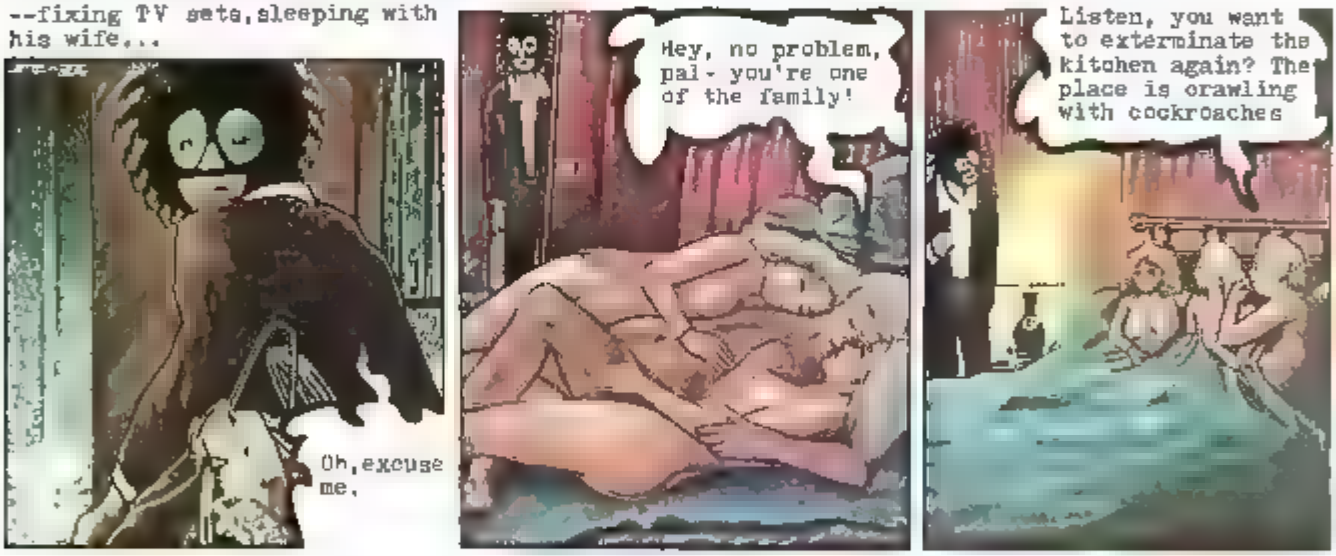


It was a baby blue and it pulsed.

I was appalled. I remember thinking that someone had pulled a monumentally unfair trick, and even wondering to whom it was unfair during that long, frozen stillness; but then there was an unusually sincere scream and Little Mickey left the coffeehouse through the front window and ran noisily off toward the East Side. It was a lovely exit, and I was irrationally glad he'd had the opportunity to make it.

Most of the characters in the book are friends (or composites of friends) of Chester Anderson, who lived in the Village during the decade ending with the end of 1966. He himself is the protagonist. This adds to the accuracy and fleshes out the humor. The more real a person is, the funnier the situations become—a basic fact that TV sitcoms have been trying to learn for years). But although the people and situations are drawn true and as funny as the book is, it left me feeling dissatisfied. The scene was too idealized. The casual hedonism of the Village life-style was too carefree and devoid of serious trouble.

Chester Anderson was himself one of those self-styled coffeehouse gurus whom he dissects so ruthlessly. He was present at most of the major


--fixing TV sets, sleeping with his wife...
Oh, excuse me.
Hey, no problem, pal - you're one of the family!
Listen, you want to exterminate the kitchen again? The place is crawling with cockroaches

That night I dreamed that I was drifting through space inside some kind of egg
A million years went by before I landed, blazing like a meteor.
I seemed to die in the crash, but my awareness crawled away. I fought, I fertilized eggs.
I lived in the dark and ate the filth of the world--but always I remembered the legends and the beauty of my race...

I woke up, and a cockroach scuttled away from my pillow.
So we've got Carson lined up for eight o'clock and then--hey, what's going on?
Jesus Christ! They're gluing the door shut WITH THEIR BODIES!
We sat for a moment in stunned silence--
--and then the microwave exploded.
My God she's dead!

events that make up the history of the hippie movement: a man filled with grandiose plans and boundless energy. He was a spark plug, catalyst, and originator of a lot of what happened in New York in '65 and '66, and especially in Haight-Ashbury in '67. One of his projects was the infamous Glide Church Happening in San Francisco in early 1967. This was an evening's entertainment that offered a kaleidoscopic array of music, drugs, light shows, yet more drugs, a tremendous pipe organ, a hummingbird aviary of brightly colored people in various states of dress and undress, and still more drugs. The Glide Happening achieved a notoriety equaled only by the Merry Pranksters' Trips Festivals.

Anderson's most important contribution to the media- and hippie-drenched summer of '67 was the communication company (always written in lower case). This was Anderson's attempt at creating a viable place for the written word in a McLuhanesque society. He set himself up with a Gestetner machine and blanketed the streets with the following description:

> OUR POLICY: Love is communication. OUR PLANS AND HOPES: to provide quick and inexpensive printing for the hip community; to be outrageous pamphleteers; to compete with the Establishment Press for public opinion; to produce occasional incredibilities out of an unnatural fondness for either outrage or profit, as the case may be; to do what we damn well please.

The communication company was superbly successful. Anyone who lived in San Francisco during that time will remember the mysterious fliers that would sprout on street corners every day, filled with jokes, concert promos, polemics against this week's infidels, drug warnings and/or recommendations, avant-garde prose/poetry, lies, truths, and outrages. The communication company cemented together a quarter of a million rootless children and provided an invaluable service for observers of the scene: the Haight-Ashbury equivalent of Chinese wall posters.

An Anderson project that did not come off, and the world is the poorer for it, was his plan to buy a used aircraft carrier, cover the flight deck with topsoil and plants, fill the interior with freaks, artists, and odd folk of all descriptions, and float merrily around the world.

During the thirteen years since the first publication of *The Butterfly Kid*, the fans of that book have been waiting for Anderson to tell the rest of the story. There have been rumors: in his perceptive introduction to the Gregg Press edition of *The Butterfly Kid*, Paul Williams makes a reference to another book completed at the same time as *Kid*, in the middle stages. *Fox & Hare*. There is a small reference to it in *The Butterfly Kid*, wherein some of the characters "... split to see *Fox & Hare*, to dig the latest Technicolor version of the life the rest of us were living." Finally, after almost a decade and a half, the void left after one has read *The Butterfly Kid* has been filled. *Fox & Hare* has been published.

Fox & Hare is the dark side of *The Butterfly Kid*: a grimly realistic portrait of the same Village scene that *TBK* romanticized. *Fox & Hare*, in its own way just as funny as *The Butterfly Kid*, tells it like it really was, with all the pain, frustration, and empty boredom of having attained the pinnacle of hip society and becoming aware that there was nothing left to do. The novel traces the events of a single Friday night (a timeless Friday night, in the Village it is always Friday night). A representative group of Village denizens is observed chasing themselves back and forth in an elaborate game of Fox & Hare, a game where the hunt is everything and getting caught is the worst of sins—for that would end the game, and what else is there?

Steve is an impervious moth of a man, a devoted absorber of prodigious quantities of dope (mostly amphetamines), an "... awesomely beautiful animal, the fatal product of one of the best & oldest bloodlines of Bucks County, Pennsylvania, human breeding capital of eastern America." Steve flutters through the narrative, untouched by those around him, all of whom lust after him with varying

degrees of success. Steve is unconcerned with who uses his body; he is simply devoted to the perfection of his craft, the acquisition and intake of drugs. His partner in his endless search is Bobby Two-A-Day an "Evil Spade."

Two-A-Day is a carefully dressed peacock, a man who divides his time between presenting as perfect an image as he is capable of and assisting Steve at his chosen occupation. When peeved, Two-A-Day allows all of his cultural and personal resentments to surface into his Evil Spade image confining his conversation to "M'fucker" and his interactions with the rest of the Village to unspoken menace. When Two-A-Day meets his accidental and painfully unfair demise, he confronts God with his final summation of his life: "Man, ain't never done nuthin my whole life 'cept gettin laid and gettin high." Thus he passively defines himself and his society in much the same way that Rexall, a weasel of a dope dealer, defines his role through his actions.

Rexall is a small-time dealer with big-time dreams. "... he was hooked on dealing, proverbially a stronger habit than using. He was hopelessly addicted to the dealing high: all the running around, all the mystery, the deep sense of intrigue, the fantastic plots and plans, the big deals and narrow escapes. To enter a coffeehouse & have all conversation stop, all eyes turn hopefully toward him, was Rexall's kick." Rexall's fumbling efforts at scoring six ounces of pot that Friday night are hilarious, particularly his paranoid subway ride to Brooklyn and back. Rexall is also an accomplished master at the art of hanging people up. One of the few people unaffected by his is Marcia, who always has plenty on hand so that she can carry off a new conquest or a moment's notice.

Marcia is fat, plain, and the most skilled seducer in the Village. She keeps a Roll Call, a detailed journal of her conquests that fills the same function in her life that a stamp album would in someone else's. Much as other girls her age might collect autographs, custard-ugly, fetid Marcia Reese collected penises, especially but not exclusively those adorning Beautiful People." Marcia's seductive abilities are so skilled she is as professional in her field as Steve is in his—but she becomes an archetypal force that must be reckoned with, even as she is feared, in any plans made in the Village. Her gifts are demonstrated with the uncanny skill with which she acquires Jerry and spirits him away to her house next to the roller coaster in Coney Island, there to add him to her Roll Call.

Jerry is a wide-eyed kid from Jacksonville, Florida, who—in the two short weeks since he left behind his home and his innocence—has managed to

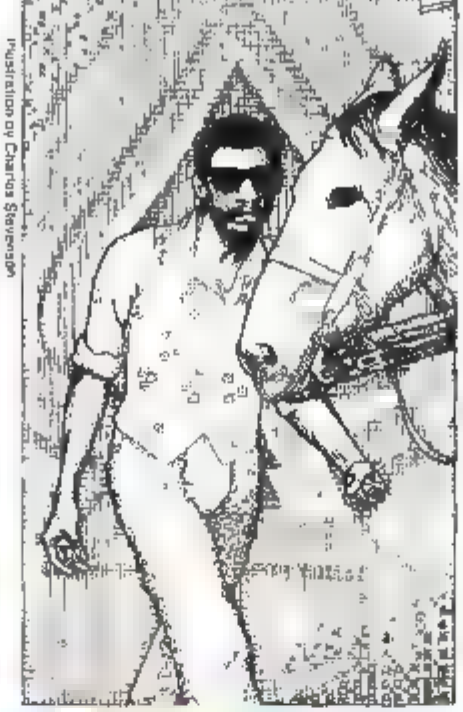
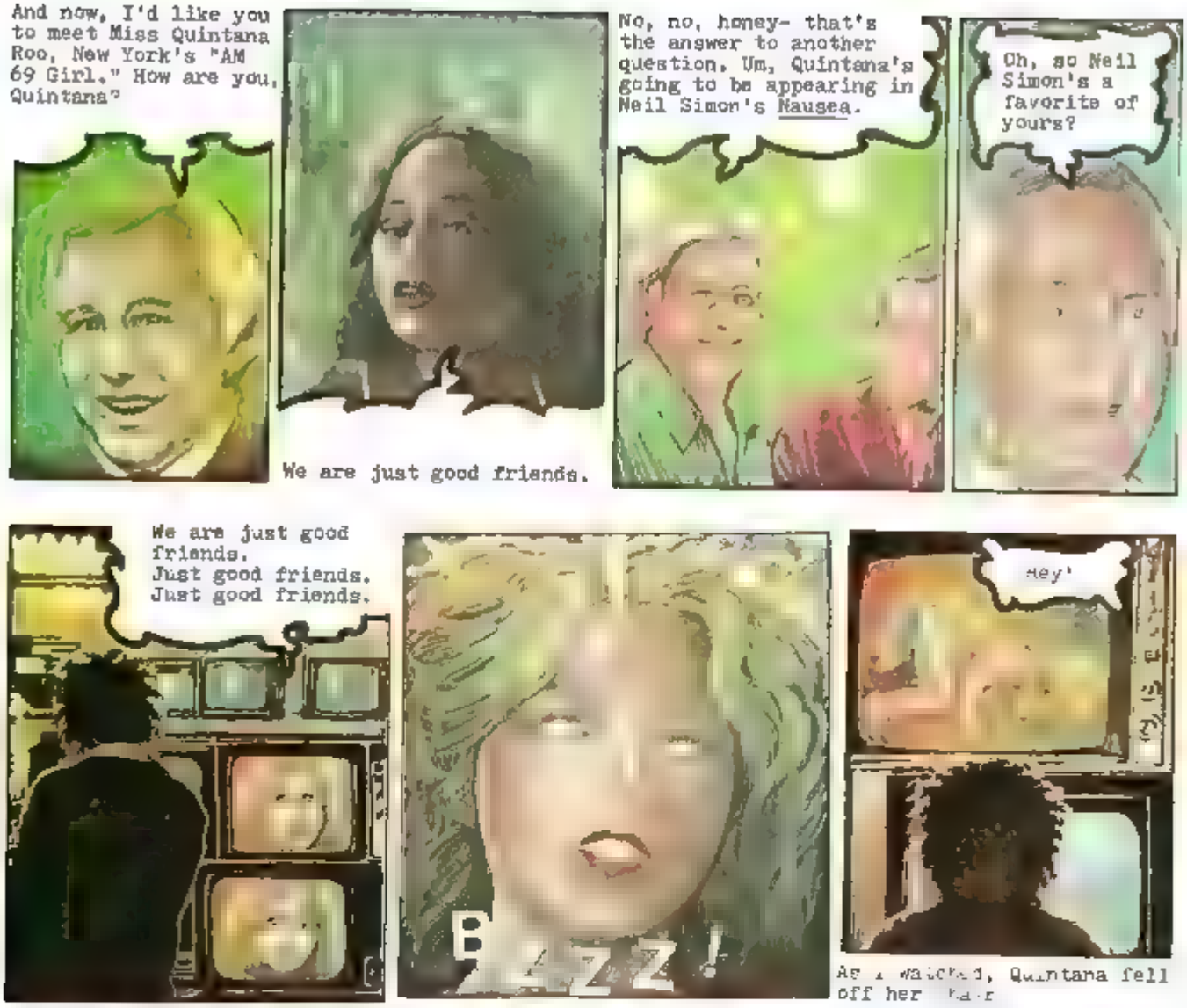


Illustration by Charles Stevenson

Sure--they must have chewed through the wiring. Hey, we're due at the studio!
What about your wife? I loved her!
Hey, I can respect that--but this is CARSON we're talking about.


And now, I'd like you to meet Miss Quintana Roo, New York's "AM 69 Girl." How are you, Quintana?
We are just good friends.
No, no, honey- that's the answer to another question. Um, Quintana's going to be appearing in Neil Simon's Nausea.
Oh, so Neil Simon's a favorite of yours?
We are just good friends. Just good friends. Just good friends.
BAZZ!
Hey!
As I watched, Quintana fell off her chair

enthusiastically embrace the entire roster of sexual adventure: "It just don't seem right. He couldn't understand it. He and his face had gone through every vice, sex crime & perversion he'd ever heard tell of and then some, again & again, without significant pause, on goddamn little food and next to no sleep—two immortal weeks of it all—and here none of it showed in his face. Disappointing. His eyes weren't even bloodshot. 'It ain't right.'" Jerry is the archetypal opposite of Marcia, the eternal object of her endless pursuit. He was brought to Marcia's attention through the accidental efforts of Anna, who regretted it in the same way that she regrets everything else in her life.

Anna, too, is a collector. She collects injustices and pain. She is even fatter than Marcia, and too intelligent for her own good. She can see and understand all that happens to her and around her but is powerless to affect it. Anna wanders lonely through Village society, lost in her dead dreams of becoming a mathematician, and seeking out cruel observations from the one person she worships most in the world: David. "This was exactly what Anna wanted to hear. This was the comfort she craved. Only David, the monster, knew what depths of sexual gratification she derived from his caustic, glib, inaccurate, projective, memorized analyses. She collected them as some folk, just as odd, collected tattoos."

David is the book's center, and, ultimately, its most pathetic character. He has securely bound himself into an unbreakable trap. David is the wise and witty elder statesman of the coffeehouses, holding court at "his" table, dispensing observations, and basking in the respect and adoration of lesser Villagers. He supports himself by writing pseudonymous True Confession stories, all that remains of his talent: "He couldn't remember the bright-eyed, ambitious, near-genius David at 20 who'd come to the Village to perform literary miracles (because he took care to believe that's what he still was; actually he couldn't remember the 28-year-old David in the here & now)." David is so adroit with his selective amnesia that he is constitutionally unable to confront anything true about himself, even as he articulates the most devastating and perceptive truths about others. His ideal state of being is that of the perpetual fifteen-year-old. His most feared enemy is his own advancing adulthood. David is "drowning gladly in the Fountain of Youth." His most accomplished talent is the projection of cool. He has schooled himself in the technique of displaying no emotion at all, especially to himself). The more outre the event, the stronger the acid trip, the more securely David retains his cool. This is a talent that has made him legendary in the Village, a talent that he is "honestly proud of."

Fox & Hare is highly entertaining and filled with touches of outright hilarity. Yet once and for all this book debunks the romantic idea at the core of the sixties life-style: the idea that life lived on the edge is the most worth living. The idea has its fascination, but those who most earnestly tried to practice it, in Greenwich Village, in Haight-Ashbury, lived only the ideal, while carefully protecting themselves from any genuine confrontation with the edge. The carefree Village butterflies in *Fox & Hare* are more adept at hiding the unpleasantnesses of life from themselves, and at building their comfortable little shells, than is any martini-besotted Connecticut commuter.

Seen from the outside—well outside—heads lives are as formalized as Noh plays, and as timeless. Heads even talk mostly from memory: ritual phrases, lip versicles & responsoria, intended only to structure time comfortably, semantically a little less than static. Heads aren't especially concerned with meaning anything.

David: "You succumb to inertia. You lose contact with time and subsist in abeyance, spending all day every day repeating yesterday: motionless and aging in the waiting-room of dope. Excitement is just another flavor of ennui. And what hurts most is your own irrational conviction that any other kind of life must be worse."

The Butterfly Kid is pure fun with biting under-

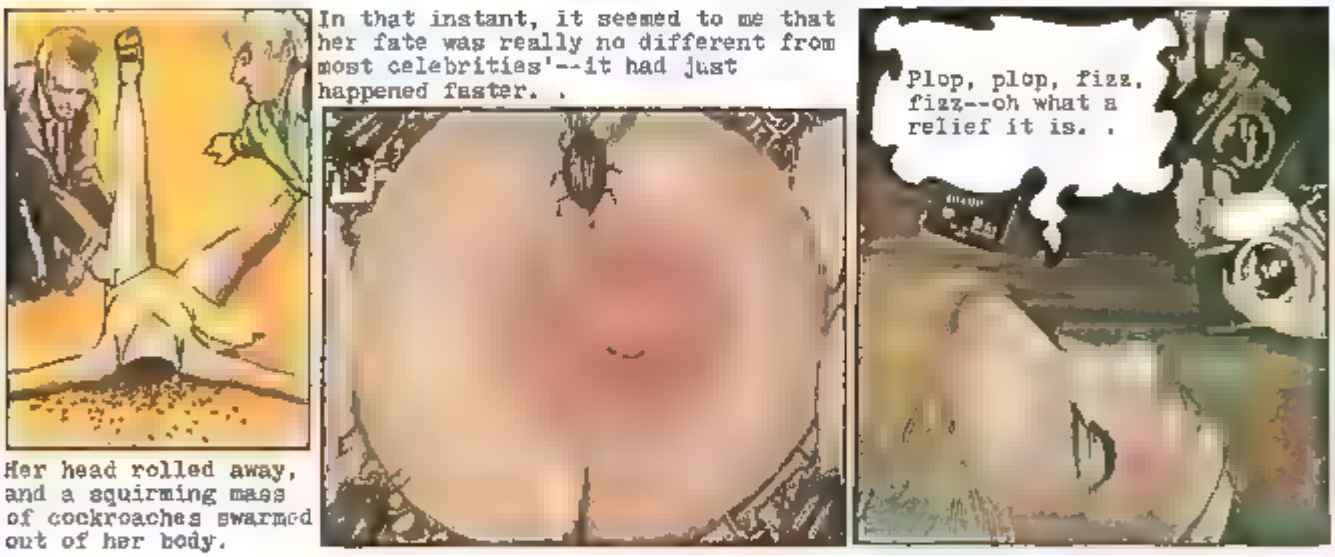
cones. *Fox & Hare* is a stunning and vicious autopsy of a scene laid out on a table of true wit. They are two sides of the same Reality Pill. Read them together and learn exactly what kind of life you are fantasizing for yourself (or just exactly what kind of life you think you remember). Particularly read David's story. Pity the poor man. He is respected and loved throughout his universe; he can go no further; he is stuck like a dinosaur in a tar pit.

Paul Williams, the man who stands behind Entwhistle Books (yes, it was named after the bass player for the Who), has created a beautiful package for *Fox & Hare*. It is a big book: 8" by 12" high, and has nice big interior margins, which makes it easy to read without one's peering into the spine. But, most important, the book is that rarest of avises, the successful illustrated novel, the best melding of art and fiction on the market today. The artist, Charles Stevenson, managed to cajole Williams and Chester Anderson into spending a few days in New York casting the book. They took hundreds of photos of the people they found who fit Anderson's envisioning of the characters (including such familiar names to *Heavy Metal* readers as columnist Lou Stathis as Rexall; interviewer Brad Balfour as Steve; well-known writer and *HM* contributor Norman Spinrad as a dealer named Matt Richmond; and even a cameo by author Anderson as a balding, overweight clerk in an all-night deli). They took these people to the locales described in the book (or as close as they could get) and photographed them in period clothing, posing in scenes from the book. Then Stevenson spent a year drawing from the photographs. The effect is art that accurately complements the story. The characters remain thoroughly visualized as you read, and the grit and filth of the Village streets takes on an extra dimension of reality. Stevenson's art is sketchy and deceptively simple-looking, but to the exact degree that the story itself is also sketchy and simple; the mood is never once broken by intrusive art. At times, particularly the horrific scene where Two-A-Day is trampled by a cop's horse, and in the fractured cubism of the scenes drawn through the eyes of characters far gone on various drug combinations, the art and the prose merge into a seamless unit.

Illustration by Charles Stevenson

The Butterfly Kid, by Chester Anderson. Pocket Books, September 1980. $2.50.

Fox & Hare, by Chester Anderson. 1980. $9.95 available through Entwhistle Books, P.O. Box 61, Glen Ellen, CA 95442.


In that instant, it seemed to me that her fate was really no different from most celebrities'--it had just happened faster. .
Her head rolled away, and a squirming mass of cockroaches swarmed out of her body.
Plop, plop, fizz, fizz--oh what a relief it is. .

To Be Continued

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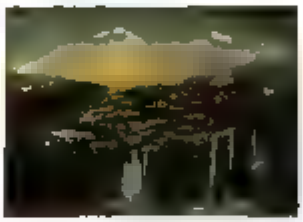

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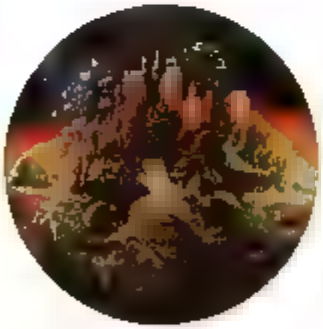

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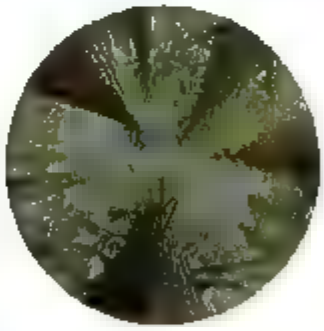

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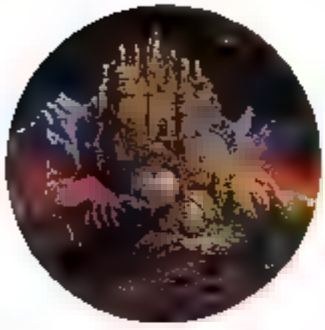

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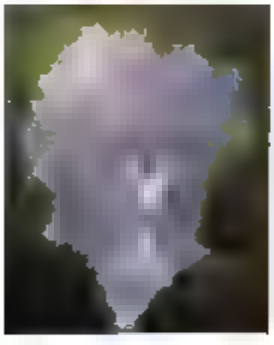

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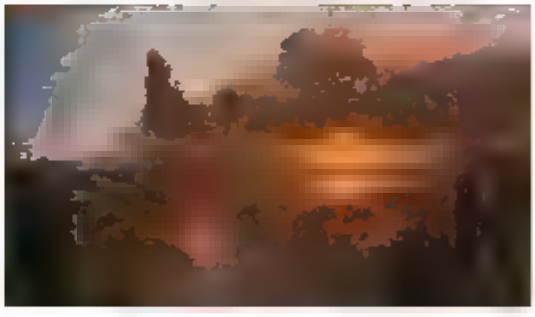

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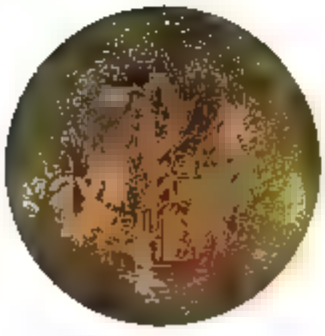

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Dept 1260
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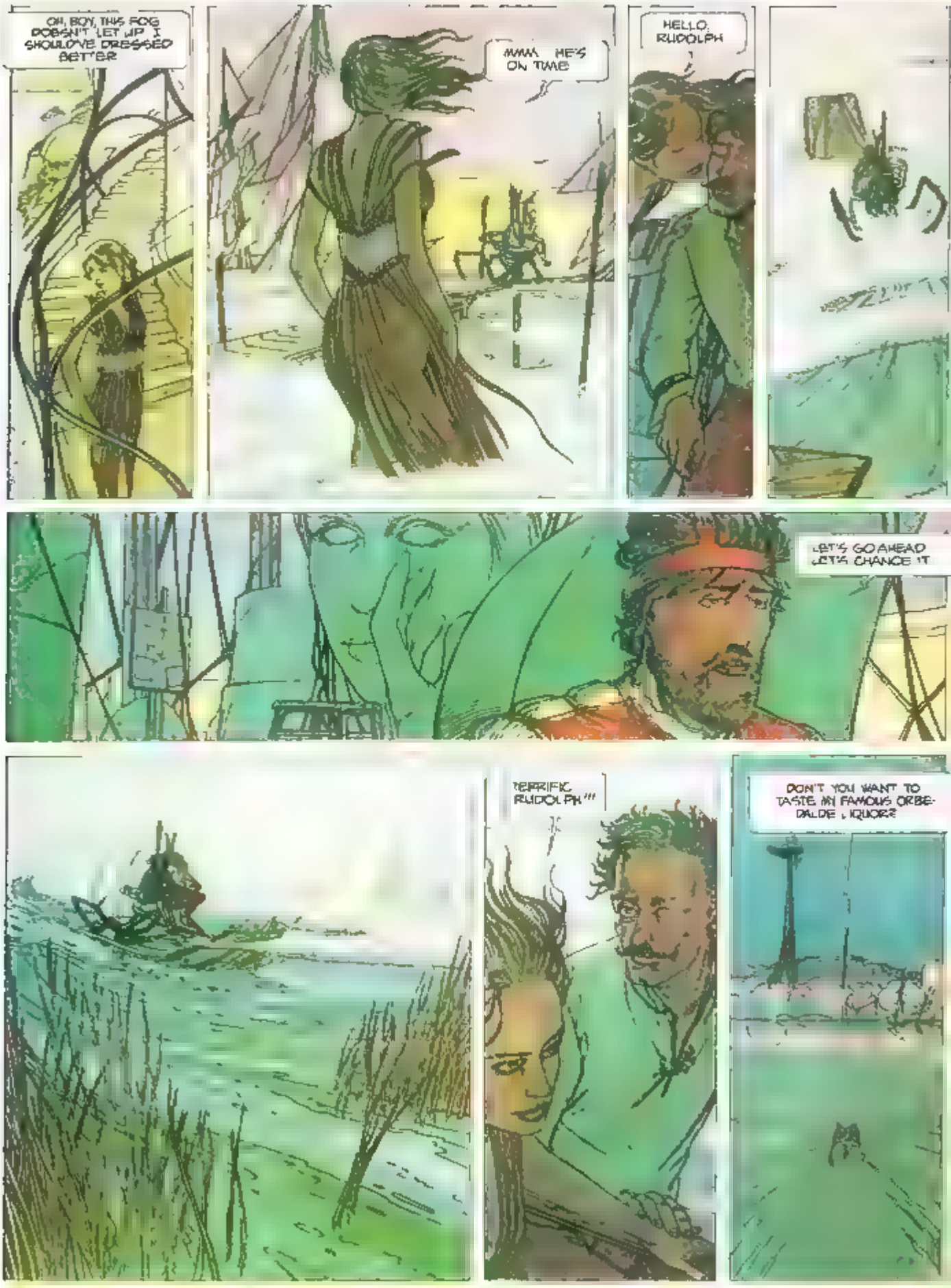
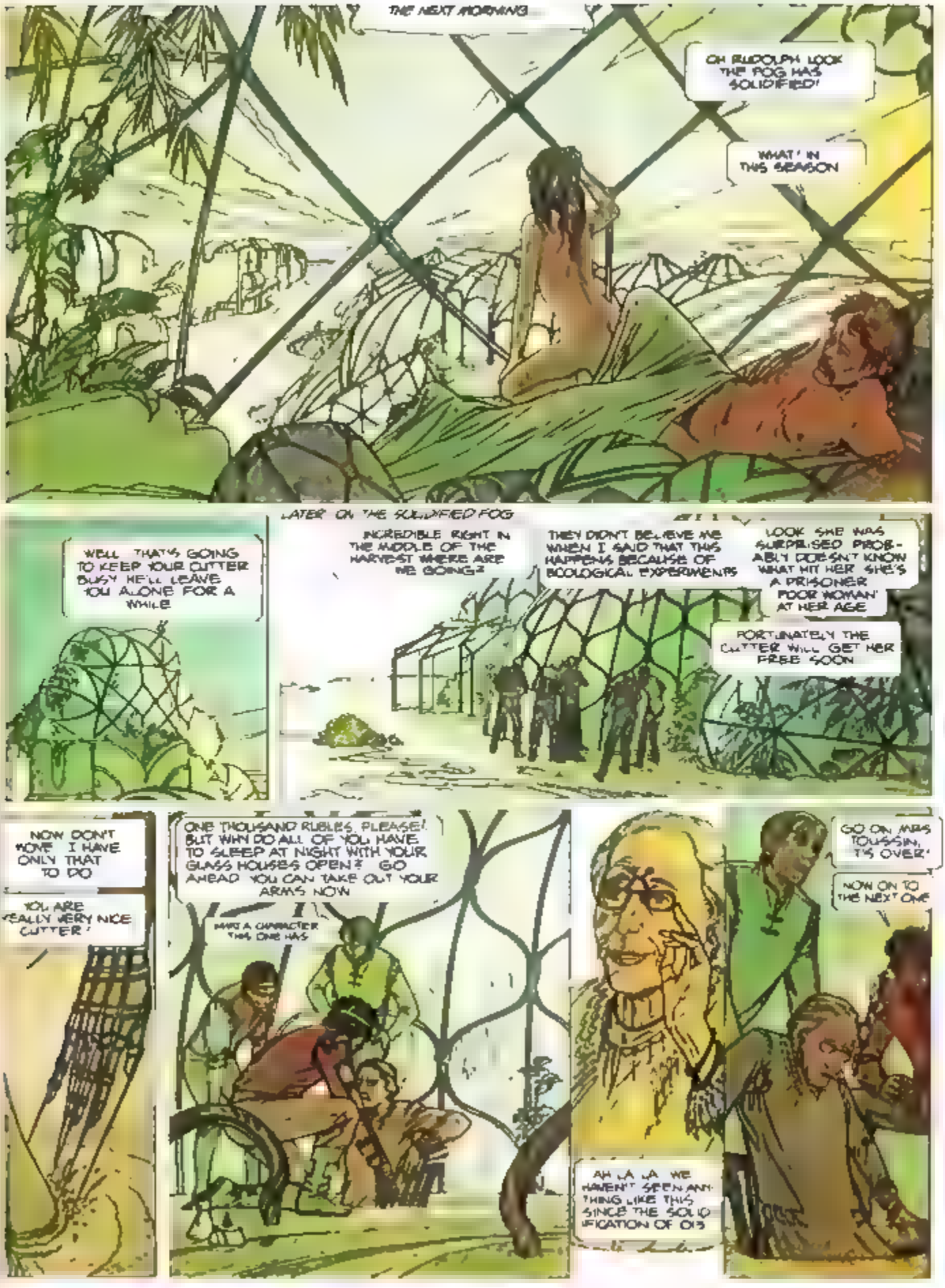
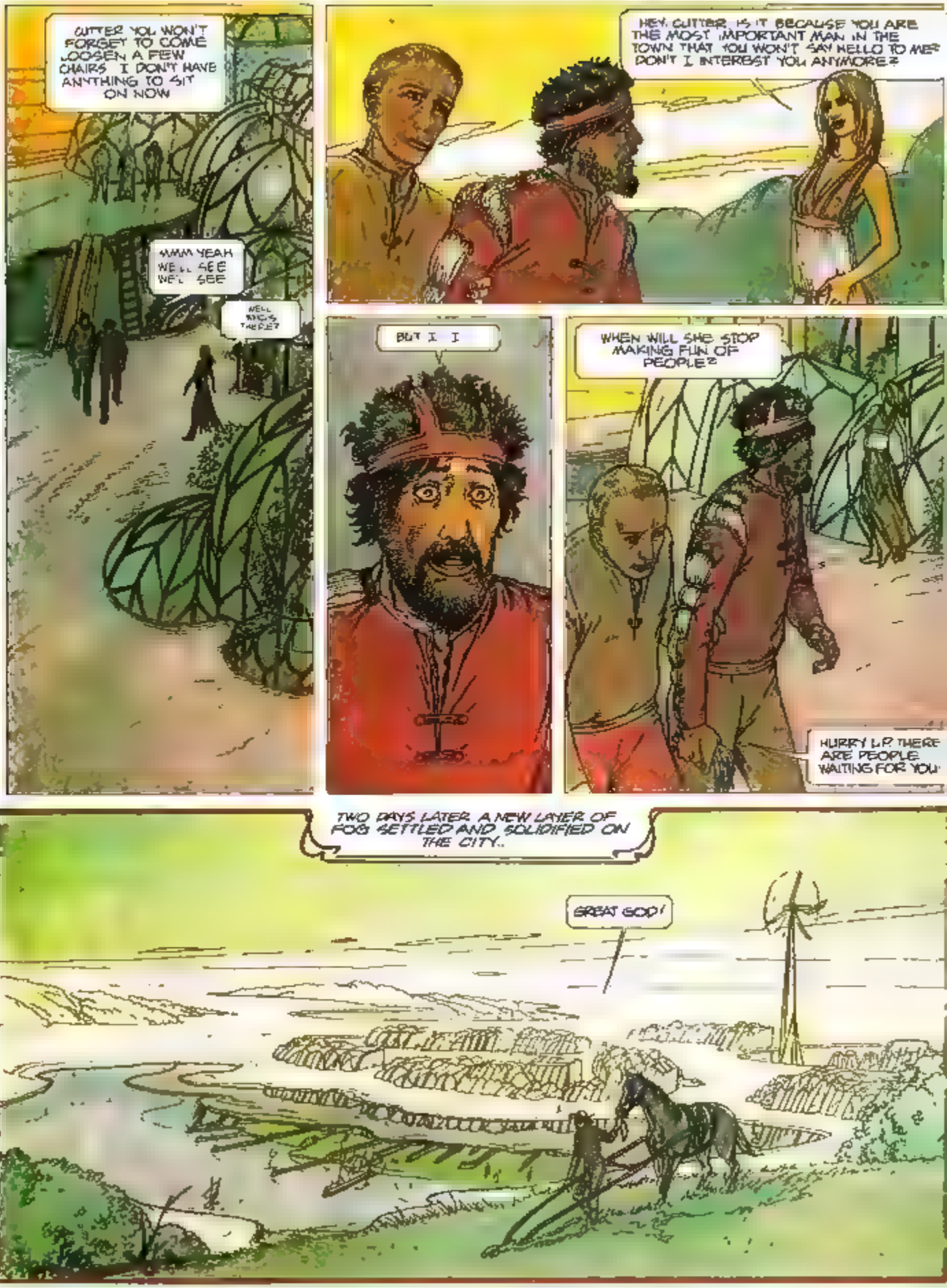
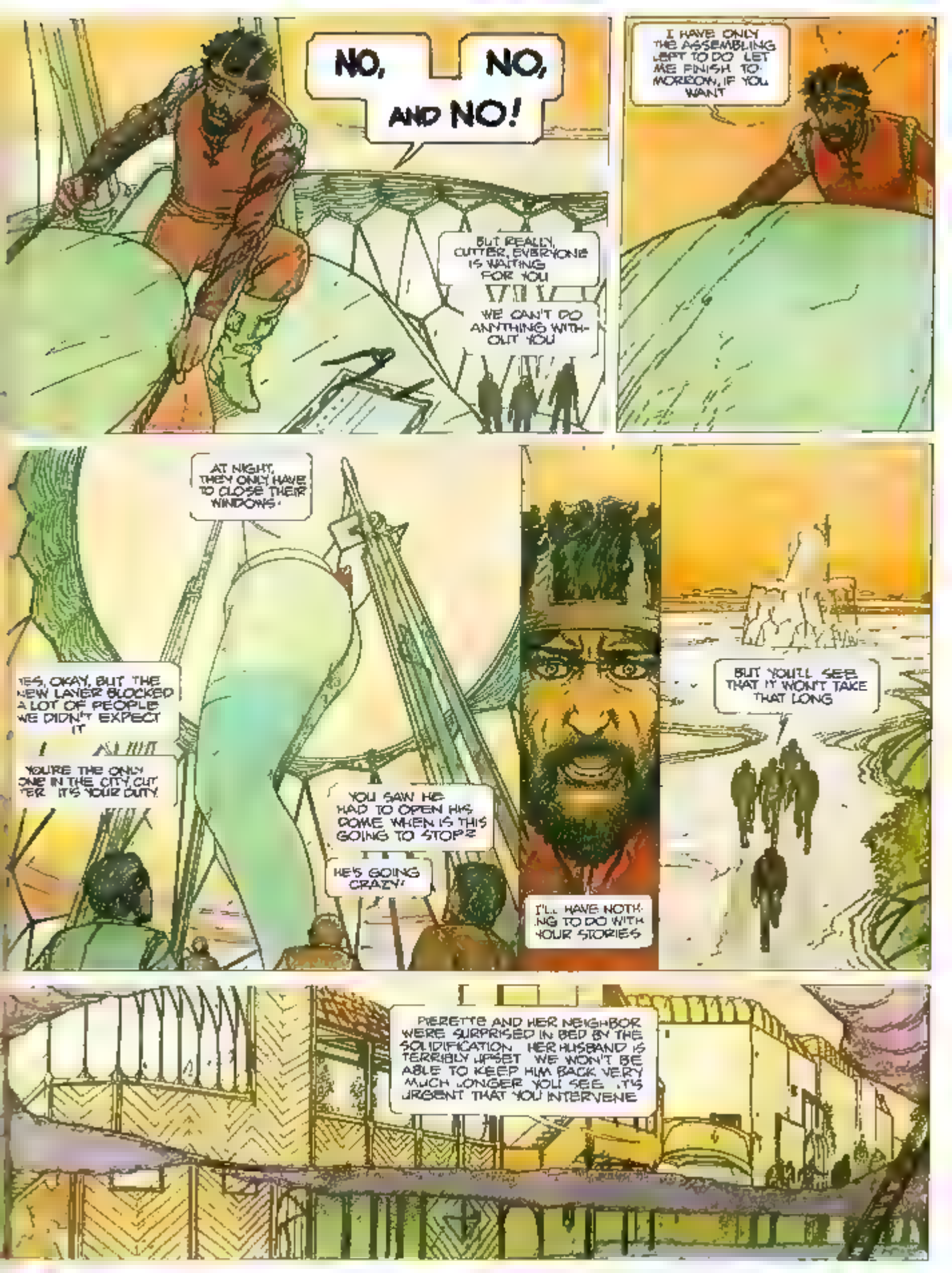
the cutter of the fog
FINISHED FOR TODAY
PROVIDED THAT SHE HASN'T GOTTEN UP YET..
PERFECT

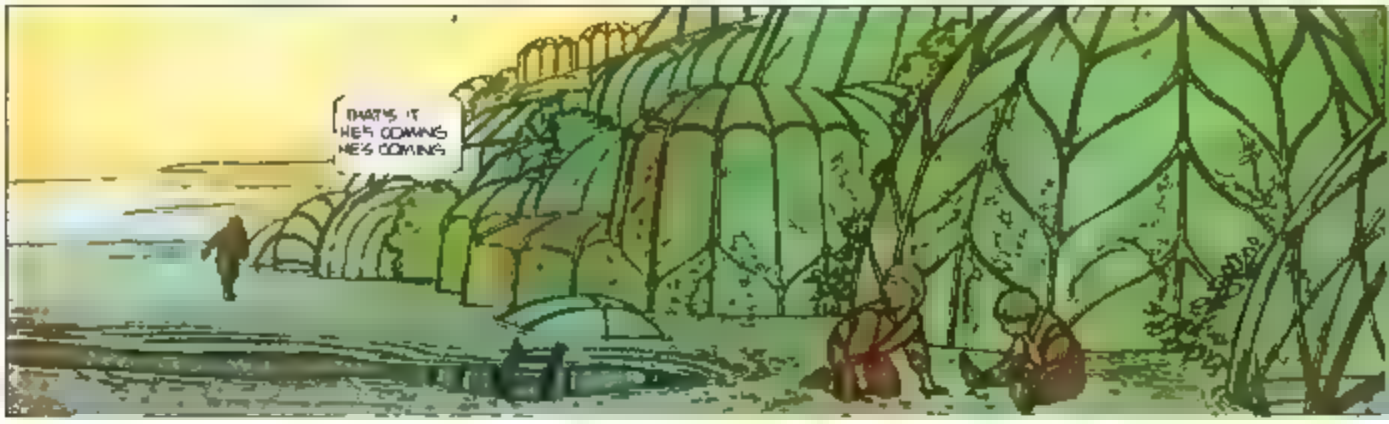
THAT'S IT. SHE'S LEAVING


OH, BOY, THIS FOG DOESN'T LET UP I SHOULD'VE DRESSED BETTER
MMM HE'S ON TIME
HELLO, RUDOLPH
LET'S GO AHEAD LET'S CHANCE IT
TERRIFIC, RUDOLPH!!!
DON'T YOU WANT TO TASTE MY FAMOUS ORBE-DALDE LIQUOR?


THE NEXT MORNING
OH RUDOLPH LOOK THE FOG HAS SOLIDIFIED!
WHAT' IN THIS SEASON
LATER ON THE SOLIDIFIED FOG
WELL THAT'S GOING TO KEEP YOUR CUTTER BUSY HE'LL LEAVE YOU ALONE FOR A WHILE
INCREDIBLE RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE HARVEST WHERE ARE WE GOING?
THEY DIDN'T BELIEVE ME WHEN I SAID THAT THIS HAPPENS BECAUSE OF BIOLOGICAL EXPERIMENTS
LOOK SHE WAS SURPRISED PROBABLY DOESN'T KNOW WHAT HIT HER SHE'S A PRISONER POOR WOMAN AT HER AGE
FORTUNATELY THE CUTTER WILL GET HER FREE SOON
NOW DON'T MOVE I HAVE ONLY THAT TO DO
YOU ARE REALLY VERY NICE CUTTER!
ONE THOUSAND RUBLES PLEASE! BUT WHY DO ALL OF YOU HAVE TO SLEEP AT NIGHT WITH YOUR GLASS HOUSES OPEN? GO AHEAD YOU CAN TAKE OUT YOUR ARMS NOW
WHAT A CHARACTER THIS ONE HAS
GO ON MRS TOUSSIN, IT'S OVER!
NOW ON TO THE NEXT ONE
AH LA LA WE HAVEN'T SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THIS SINCE THE SOLIDIFICATION OF 013


CUTTER YOU WON'T FORGET TO COME LOOSEN A FEW CHAIRS I DON'T HAVE ANYTHING TO SIT ON NOW
MMM YEAH WE'LL SEE WE'LL SEE
WELL WHO'S THERE?
HEY, CUTTER, IS IT BECAUSE YOU ARE THE MOST IMPORTANT MAN IN THE TOWN THAT YOU WON'T SAY HELLO TO ME? DON'T I INTEREST YOU ANYMORE?
BUT I I
WHEN WILL SHE STOP MAKING FUN OF PEOPLE?
HURRY UP THERE ARE PEOPLE WAITING FOR YOU!
TWO DAYS LATER A NEW LAYER OF FOG SETTLED AND SOLIDIFIED ON THE CITY..
GREAT GOD!


NO, NO, AND NO!
BUT REALLY, CUTTER, EVERYONE IS WAITING FOR YOU
WE CAN'T DO ANYTHING WITHOUT YOU
I HAVE ONLY THE ASSEMBLING LEFT TO DO LET ME FINISH TOMORROW, IF YOU WANT
AT NIGHT, THEY ONLY HAVE TO CLOSE THEIR WINDOWS.
YES, OKAY, BUT THE NEW LAYER BLOCKED A LOT OF PEOPLE WE DIDN'T EXPECT IT
YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE IN THE CITY, CUTTER IT'S YOUR DUTY
YOU SAW HE HAD TO OPEN HIS DOME WHEN IS THIS GOING TO STOP?
HE'S GOING CRAZY!
I'LL HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH YOUR STORIES
BUT YOU'LL SEE THAT IT WON'T TAKE THAT LONG
PIERETTE AND HER NEIGHBOR WERE SURPRISED IN BED BY THE SOLIDIFICATION HER HUSBAND IS TERRIBLY UPSET WE WON'T BE ABLE TO KEEP HIM BACK VERY MUCH LONGER YOU SEE IT'S URGENT THAT YOU INTERVENE

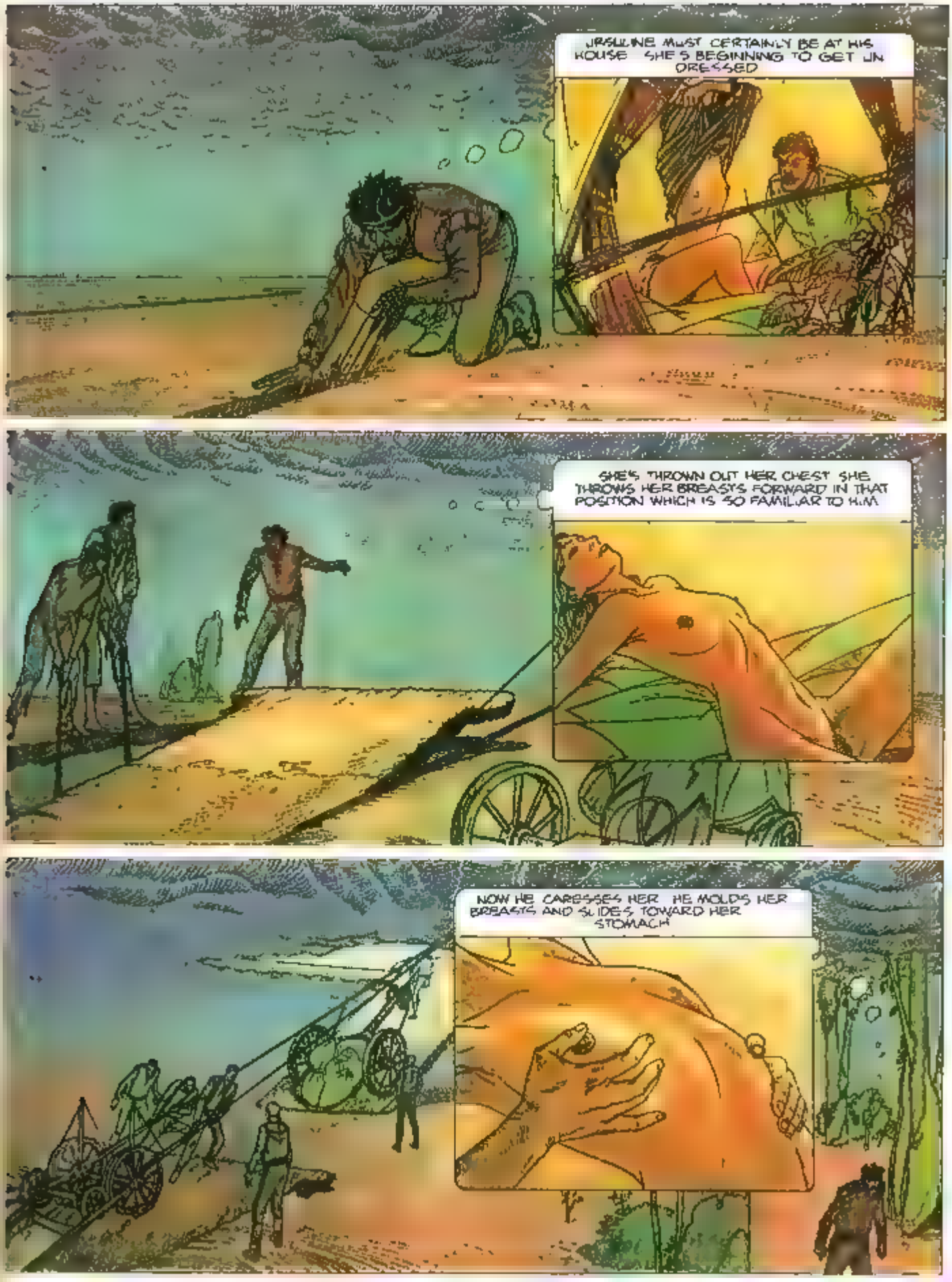

THAT'S IT HE'S COMING HE'S COMING

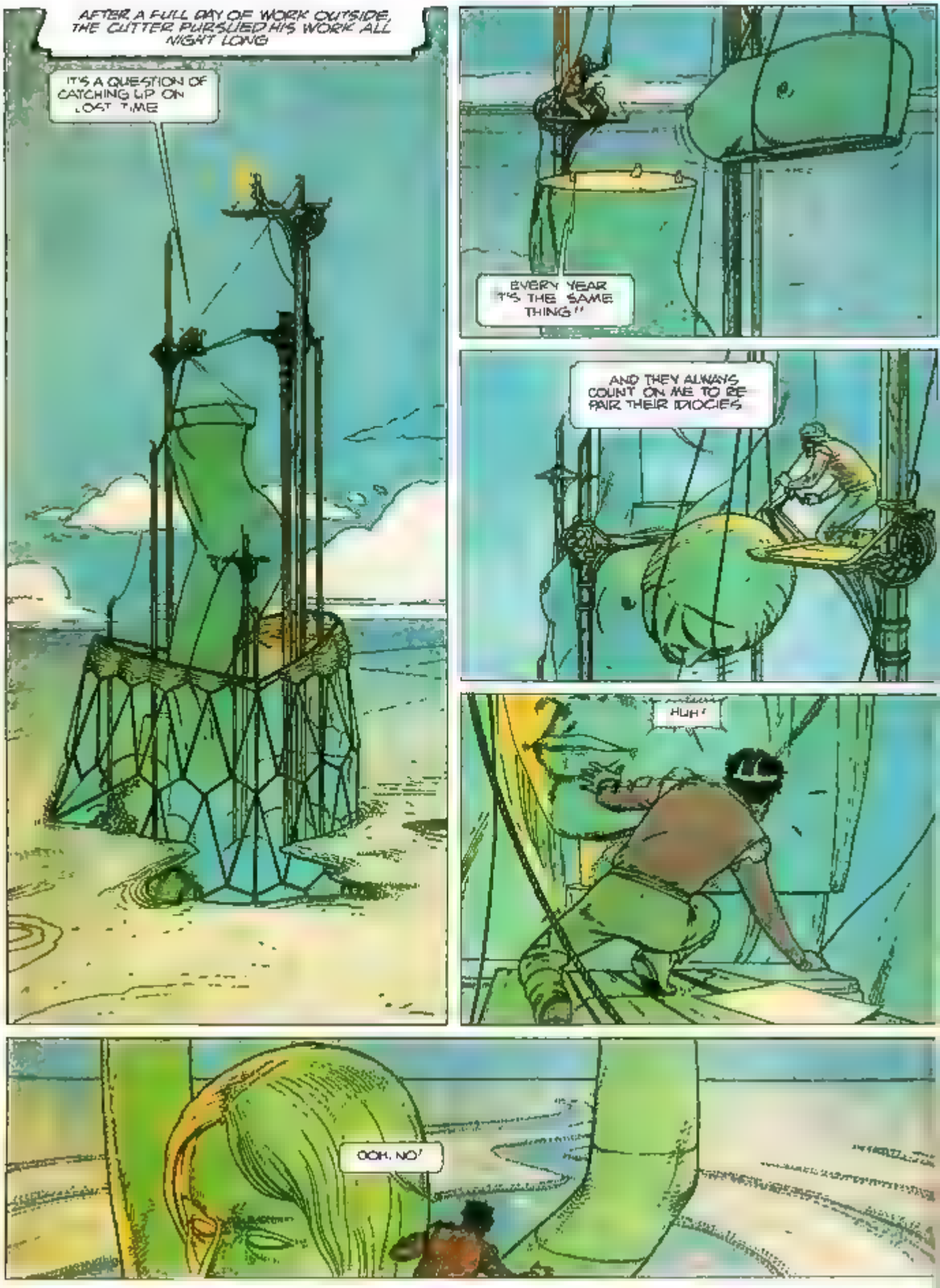
AAH THERE HE IS. IT'S NOT TOO EARLY, EITHER HE'S CERTAINLY THE LAST ONE IN THE VILLAGE TO COME SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING

REALLY CAN'T BE TOO CLEVER TO GET YOURSELVES INTO SITUATIONS LIKE THIS!
YOU KNOW A SECOND LAYER IN THIS SEASON IT'S NEVER HAPPENED LIKE THIS BEFORE

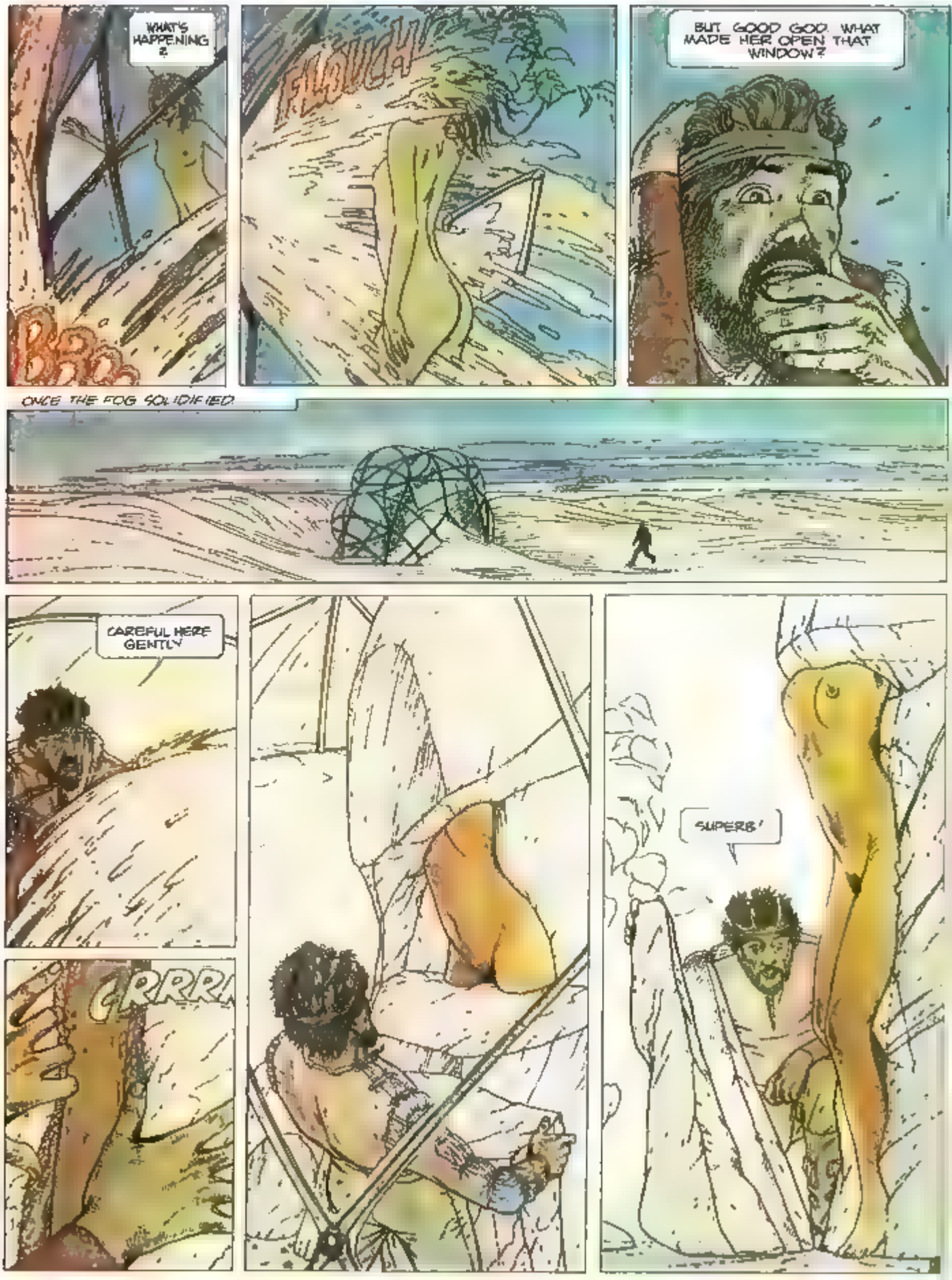
LATER
GOOD, I'M FINISHED EVERYONE IS FREE!

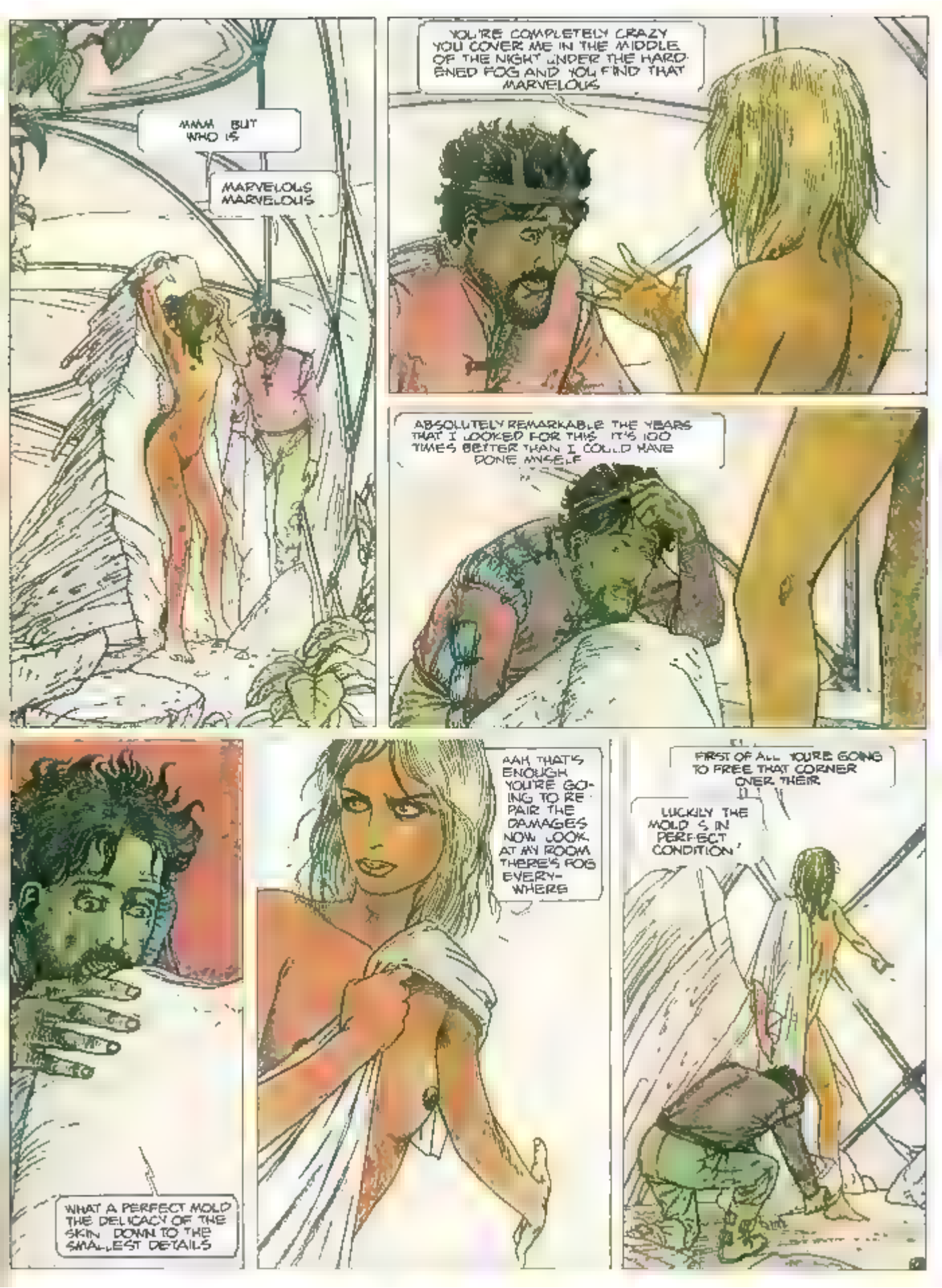
AAH BUT ONE MINUTE WE'VE GOT TO OPEN PASSAGES IN THE FOG IN ORDER TO BRING UP THE GRAIN
YES, WE'VE GOT TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE STRATIFICATION OF THE FOG IN ORDER FOR IT TO DRY DON'T FORGET THE OLD ADAGE "SOLIDIFICATION AT THE END OF THE HARVEST, DISSOLUTION BEFORE THE CELEBRATION OF

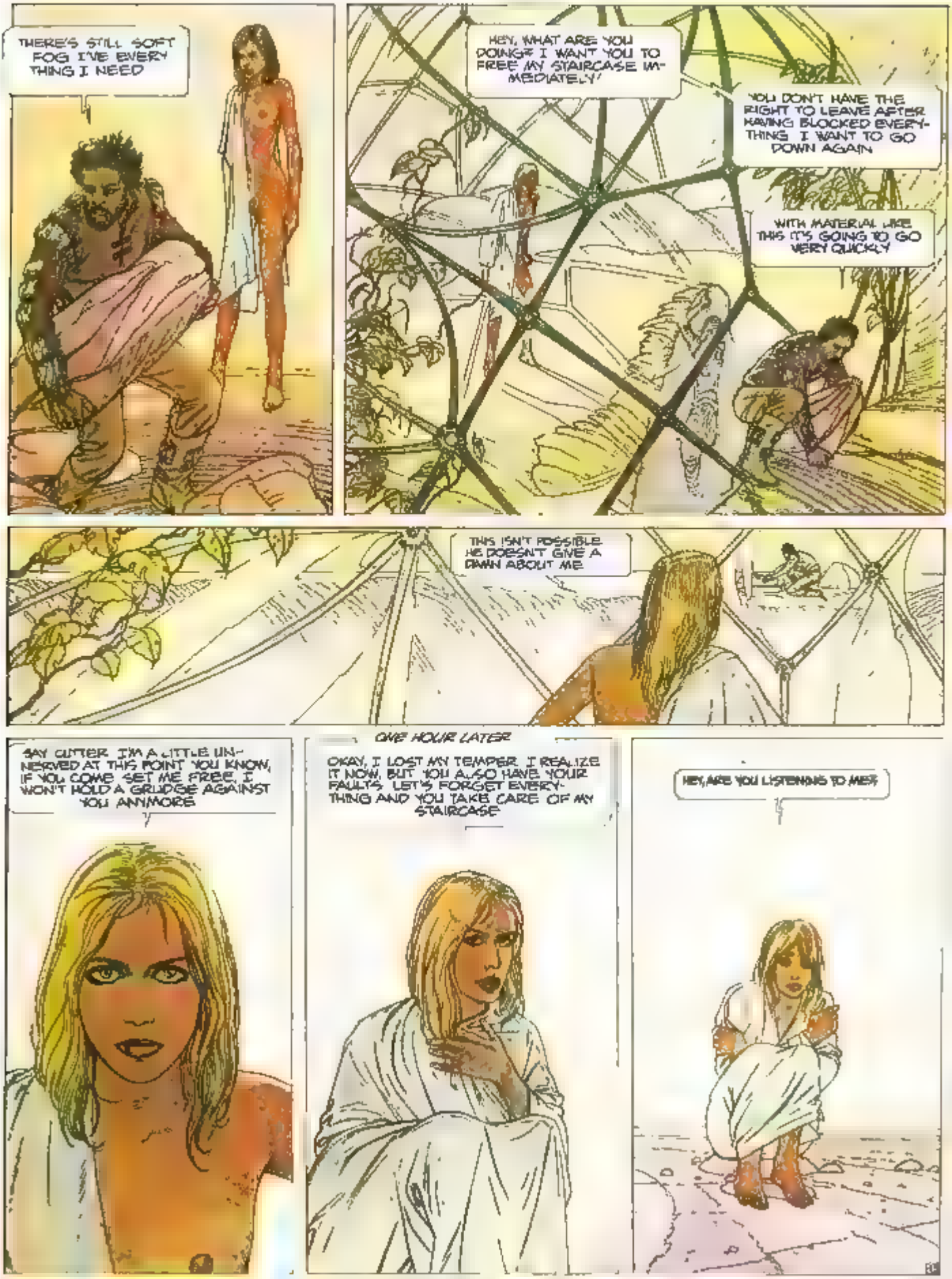

JRSULINE MUST CERTAINLY BE AT HIS HOUSE SHE S BEGINNING TO GET UN DRESSED
SHE'S THROWN OUT HER CHEST SHE THROWS HER BREASTS FORWARD IN THAT POSITION WHICH IS SO FAMILIAR TO HIM
NOW HE CARESSES HER HE MOLDS HER BREASTS AND SLIDES TOWARD HER STOMACH


AFTER A FULL DAY OF WORK OUTSIDE, THE CUTTER PURSUED HIS WORK ALL NIGHT LONG
IT'S A QUESTION OF CATCHING UP ON LOST TIME
EVERY YEAR IT'S THE SAME THING!!
AND THEY ALWAYS COUNT ON ME TO BE PAIR THEIR DIOCIES
HUH!
OOH, NO!

THIS ISN'T POSSIBLE! A NEW LAYER SOLIDIFYING THE THIRD ONE
THIS TIME I KNOW WHAT I'M GOING TO DO! THERE'S NO LONGER ANY QUESTION THAT ANYONE WILL COME LOOK FOR ME
FIRST OF ALL FREE THE SURROUNDINGS OF THE STATUE
CLIC
THE FOG HASN'T COMPLETELY FORMED YET
THEN BLOCK UP THE APPROACH STAIRWAY
NOW URSULINE!
FREE URSULINE
!?


WHAT'S HAPPENING ?
BBB
FLOUCH
BUT GOOD GOD WHAT MADE HER OPEN THAT WINDOW?
ONCE THE FOG SOLIDIFIED
CAREFUL HERE GENTLY
GRRRR
SUPERB!


MMM BUT WHO IS
MARVELOUS MARVELOUS
YOU'RE COMPLETELY CRAZY YOU COVER ME IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT UNDER THE HARDENED FOG AND YOU FIND THAT MARVELOUS
ABSOLUTELY REMARKABLE THE YEARS THAT I LOOKED FOR THIS IT'S 100 TIMES BETTER THAN I COULD HAVE DONE MYSELF
WHAT A PERFECT MOLD THE DELICACY OF THE SKIN DOWN TO THE SMALLEST DETAILS
AAH, THAT'S ENOUGH YOU'RE GOING TO REPAIR THE DAMAGES NOW LOOK AT MY ROOM THERE'S FOG EVERYWHERE
FIRST OF ALL YOU'RE GOING TO FREE THAT CORNER OVER THERE
LUCKILY THE MOLD IS IN PERFECT CONDITION


THERE'S STILL SOFT FOG I'VE EVERY THING I NEED
HEY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING? I WANT YOU TO FREE MY STAIRCASE IM-MEDIATELY
YOU DON'T HAVE THE RIGHT TO LEAVE AFTER HAVING BLOCKED EVERY-THING I WANT TO GO DOWN AGAIN
WITH MATERIAL LIKE THIS IT'S GOING TO GO VERY QUICKLY
THIS ISN'T POSSIBLE HE DOESN'T GIVE A DAMN ABOUT ME
ONE HOUR LATER
SAY CUTTER, I'M A LITTLE UN-NERVED AT THIS POINT YOU KNOW, IF YOU COME SET ME FREE, I WON'T HOLD A GRUDGE AGAINST YOU ANYMORE
OKAY, I LOST MY TEMPER, I REALIZE IT NOW, BUT YOU ALSO HAVE YOUR FAULTS, LET'S FORGET EVERY-THING AND YOU TAKE CARE OF MY STAIRCASE
HEY, ARE YOU LISTENING TO ME?

L. & F. SCHUITEN
END

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Senior Vice-President

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Jeronaton's WOMAN takes the story of Sisyphus just one step further. In it, the cartoonist offers a wanton woman, a love-starved man, and a big ol' beast. What more could a fantasist ask for?

In the first of a series of guest editorials, Robert Silverberg writes of his extraterrestrial-type garden and its spooky inhabitants.

BANG, HAH, a surreal, heavy-on-the-fantasy strip, is Don Wood's first (let's hope not his last) *Heavy Metal* piece. Though black and white, BANG, HAH is as colorful and mind-blowing as you can get.

AMBASSADOR OF THE SHADOWS is a new Christin and Mezieres strip from those fabulous frogs!

Plus: the continuations of Howard and Corben's BLOODSTAR, Crepax's VALENTINA, Ribera and Godard's WHAT IS REALITY, PAPA? and (phewww) Kierkegaard's ROCK OPERA.

Be there! Aloha!

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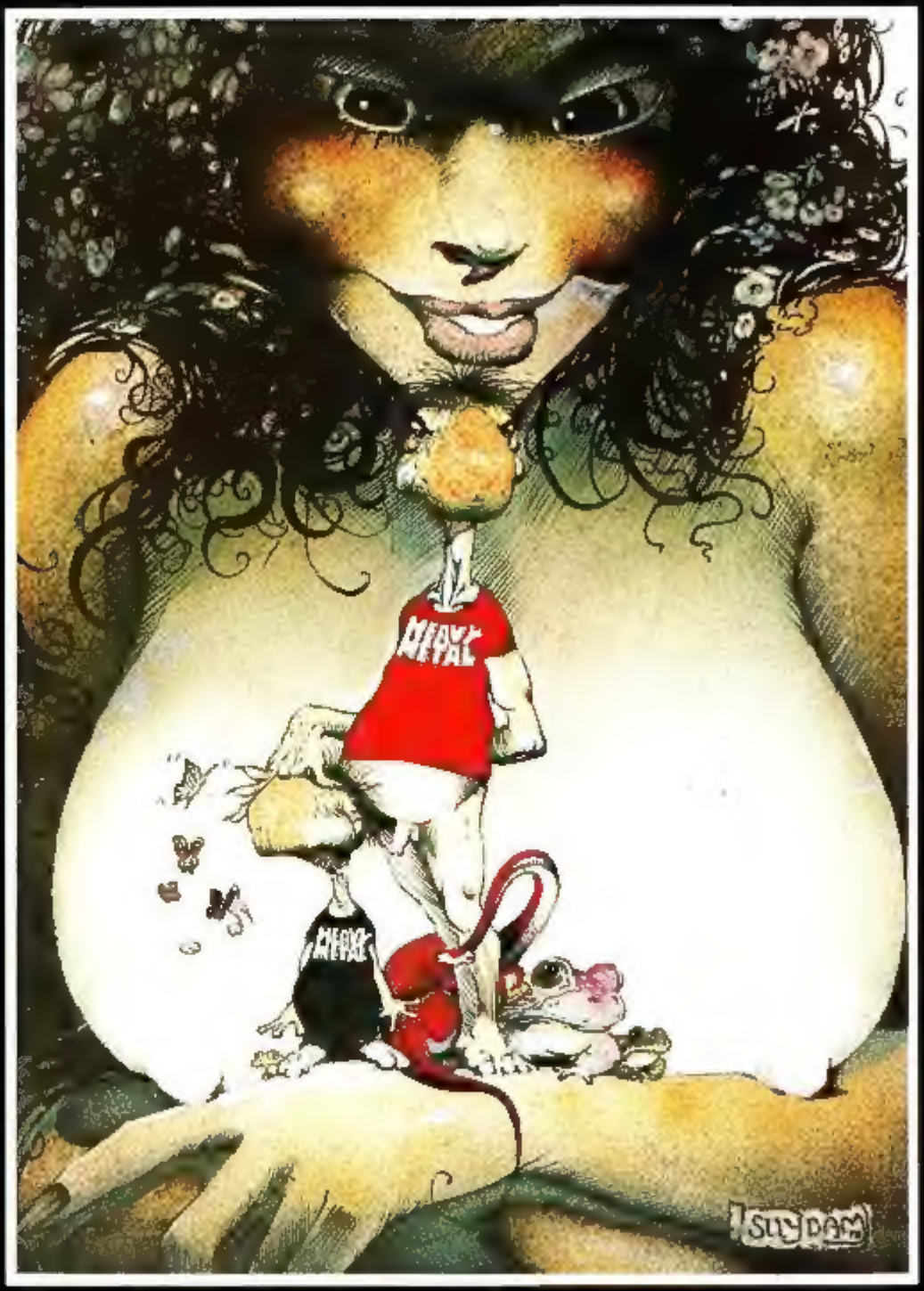

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